

TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Things in General.

AS the last edition of "Saturday Night" goes to press the general result of the elections is still in doubt. The majority either way will be very small, but the indications are that the Government has been sustained, though by an exceedingly narrow margin. If this is the case, the Cabinet will certainly hold office until the House meets, and in the meantime their position may be improved as the result of complete returns and recounts in close constituencies. The result as it appears to stand must be far from satisfactory to either party, and it is to be regretted, in the interests of the peace and quiet of the community, that the verdict of the people has not been more decisive one way or the other. A gratifying feature to the Liberal party, and one somewhat unusual in Provincial campaigns, is that all the Ministers have been re-elected. In West Middlesex Premier Ross' majority has been largely increased—a tribute to a gallant fighter and distinguished public man from the constituents he has so long and honorably represented. Mr. Whitney and all of his chief lieutenants have also been returned by substantial majorities. Toronto is still as of old, "Tory Toronto." The Liberals may have all the campaign fireworks, but the Conservatives invariably have the majorities in this town when the ballots are counted.

Whether Mr. Whitney or Mr. Ross is destined to sit in the seat of authority, it is well to remember that the province is sure of reasonably sane and pure government. One party may have the advantage of the other for the time being in courage, in foresight, in executive ability, but neither party has a monopoly either of brains or of virtues. The general level of intelligence and of patriotism in this province is surely high enough to insure that the popular judgment as between two contending camps of politicians, may be accepted with equanimity. The language of political hyperbole loves to represent the whole future of the country as being staked upon the result of a single party conflict. But the country is bigger than any party or than any Government, and in the absence of a really momentous or critical issue the country is safe, despite the varying fate of factions and cabals.

A PACIFIC Coast contemporary tells of a master of a river steamer and his first mate who not long ago went into a speculation from which each of them made \$15,000. Straightway the mate gave up his berth and went home to England. For three years he amused himself in a fairly becoming manner, doing no work at all, and at the end of that time, having wasted all his money, returned to the Pacific Coast and again became the mate of a steamer. Meanwhile the master, who was Scotch and of a saving turn, clapped his money into the bank and went on with his steamboating. Just about the time when the mate came back from England the captain died and his money was divided among nephews and nieces in the Old Country. His thrift had kept him from getting any pleasure out of his money, and those to whom he has left it may or may not use it wisely.

The case affords an example of two methods of dealing with wealth which would seem to be equally unwise. Of course the spendthrift mate was foolish. In the mere "having a good time" he threw away the fruits of his good fortune, and possibly threw away his peace of mind and some of his physical and moral health also. He is not likely to get another such start on the road to Easy street, but is more likely to have to toil hard for the rest of his days and go down to old age in want. But was he more foolish than the Scotch master? At any rate he had three years of ease and enjoyment, or what he thought at the time was enjoyment, while the captain was slaving out his last days and hoarding money for others to spend. There is all the difference in the world between spending money and wasting money. The man who makes the point of getting his money's worth will not suffer by spending. What was money made for, if not to be spent? It is ridiculous to stint oneself of necessities or of moderate and sound pleasures in order to pile up useless gold. It has been said that to wear shabby clothes and faded hats when one can afford to dress well is sheer depravity. And so it is. When a man feels hungry, let him satisfy his appetite if he has the money. To economize on coffee and doughnuts when one ought to have and could have steak and vegetables is to set money beyond life. Money in the bank is of no use to a dead man, and often of worse than no use to his heirs. The common experience of mankind has impressed this lesson so many times and so strikingly that it is a wonder it is still ignored in the practice of the majority. It can stand repeating again and again. Thousands of people make themselves miserable in laying up stores from which they never derive any benefit, and it would be a great deal better for them and for society if they took less thought for the morrow, trusted something to Providence, and enjoyed life reasonably while it is theirs to enjoy. Common forethought bids a man make a decent provision for old age, in order that he may not be a burden to others, but it is contrary to reason and to morality for one to pinch and starve during middle age—while the capacity for enjoyment is still large—in order that one may have a superabundance in the last lap of life's course, when very little will suffice. The steamboat captain who hoarded his money and died without having tasted the sweets of enjoyment was not more to be envied than his mate who threw away all his holdings in one wild spurt of pleasure-seeking. The wise and sane course is the middle one.

THERE is only one way to create an effective public opinion on such a question as the scandal of divorce trials by Parliament, and that way is to keep the salient evils of the system before the popular mind until sentiment becomes ripe for reform. There ought to be, and must be, judicial control of divorce instead of Parliamentary control. It is gratifying to see that the agitation for a change has enlisted some of the best newspapers and the most influential public men. The movement is not yet a widespread one, because the question of divorce comes home directly to comparatively few people. But on broad moral grounds the scandal of the system now established by law in this country ought to touch the sentiment of every Canadian, and there is reason to believe that a healthy public opinion on the question is steadily, if slowly, developing. Professor Goldwin Smith in his newspaper this week sums up the situation admirably. He says: "The use of a legislative chamber for a judicial purpose is a blot on our civilization. It is a relic of the time when the executive, legislative and judicial functions lay undeveloped in the same rudimentary germ. Senator Gowan has done all that could be done to organize the Senate as a court, but there is a point beyond which he cannot go. The idea that the establishment of a divorce court would be a concession to laxity, if anyone entertains it, is baseless. It is the want of a court that panders to laxity by driving people to licentious divorce courts in the United States. The marriage question, of all social questions the most vital, is now in a critical condition. Like other social questions, it is affected by the disturbance of religious belief. No time should be lost in settling it firmly on a moral

basis. It is needless to repeat that no religious regulation of the Catholic or of any other Church is affected by the civil law of marriage, while, on the other hand, no Church has a right or can be permitted to impose denominational rules upon the State."

IN the talk about who is to succeed the late Principal Grant at Queen's, it has transpired that none but an ordained minister of the Presbyterian Church can be appointed. This bowls out the contention that Queen's University is, in fact, and ought to be in law, a State institution on the same footing as the University of Toronto. Queen's has well served the interests of higher education in Eastern Ontario, but it was never a necessity, except to the Presbyterian Church. Students of Queen's, outside of the theological courses, could and mostly would have come to Toronto if there had been no university at Kingston.

in depriving the Dutch of their right to the use of their language in the courts and legislatures, but in the long run the policy is certain to make for the best interests of Dutch as well as English. Alsace-Lorraine is a standing example of the wisdom of consistently pursuing a stern and steady course in assimilating an alien, hostile and conquered population. The Kaiser has recently been enabled to announce the abolition of military dictatorship in the provinces wrested from France. This means that the iron policy adopted by Bismarck in dealing with the conquered people of Alsace-Lorraine is gradually transforming them into Germans. It is but thirty years since they were torn from France, and thirty years is but a twinkling of the eye in the evolution of nations and races. If Bismarck's policy could accomplish so much in thirty years, we may expect, in the course of another twenty, to see the transformation carried to completion in Alsace-Lorraine. By

anted the work to the latter is the best evidence that this is so. The fact is, the more that is learned of the Morgan syndicate's methods and purposes, the more certain it seems that its sole aim is to make money for its stockholders. In the pursuit of this aim it will not turn aside from patriotic impulses and it will have no national preferences. The syndicate became practicable because the conditions existed that made it desirable. The London "Annual Review" is authority for the statement that the year 1901, beginning with a decline of 30 per cent. in coal freights, had experienced a fall in the entire list of ocean rates. Scores of vessels made half of the trans-Atlantic trip virtually in ballast. The Cunard Company had cut its yearly dividend from 8 to 4 per cent., and the German Lloyds had cut from 8 1/2 to 6 per cent. The "Review" also estimated that 2,000,000 tons of shipping, at the time engaged in ocean transport service for the Boer war, would soon re-enter the competitive merchant service. Under these conditions the British ship owners entertained overtures that a year or two before would have been rejected. Mr. Morgan's trust scheme was facilitated by an evident overproduction of ships. It was further assisted by the fact that Mr. Morgan's United States Steel Corporation manufactures products to the approximate value of \$49,000,000 a year, a considerable part of which would contribute to the ocean-carrying trade.

If the Morgan trust squeezes Canada, as there appears to be a danger of its doing, it will be because its financial interests dictate such a policy, not because the trust is chiefly a Yankee thing. Canada will have to look out for her own interests in this matter, and there is no reason to suppose Canada cannot do so. With our own railways and internal waterways, all this country needs to perfect her means of access to European markets and to keep open the channels of European immigration, is an adequate Atlantic steamship service. The Dominion Government has in its hands a weapon to foster such an independent service and incidentally to build up Canadian ports. That weapon is the preferential tariff, which, as pointed out and advocated again and again in these columns, is a privilege that can at any time be made to apply only to goods entering the Dominion direct from Great Britain and can be withdrawn from imports through United States ports.

CANADA came in for a share of the horrors that seem to be stalking through the world, when, without warning, the great explosion took place in the coal mines at Fernie, B.C. Death in as sudden and terrible a form as that which overtook the doomed inhabitants of St. Pierre, spread desolation in the homes of the chief mining town of British Columbia. It is not to be wondered at that in the first frenzy of grief the owners of the mine should be blamed for the disaster. It may be that there was negligence somewhere, and if so, the fact should be brought out. But to anyone who has passed through Fernie or any other coal-mining town on pay-day, it is not surprising that explosions and accidents do sometimes occur which are past the care and foresight of officials to prevent. Five days before the disaster in the mines, I was in Fernie. It was pay-day, and some eighteen hundred miners working in that district had lined up and received their monthly envelopes. The scenes in the streets of the town were such as would suggest that the explosion may just as easily have been due to the carelessness of some beery coal-miner as to the negligence of the company.

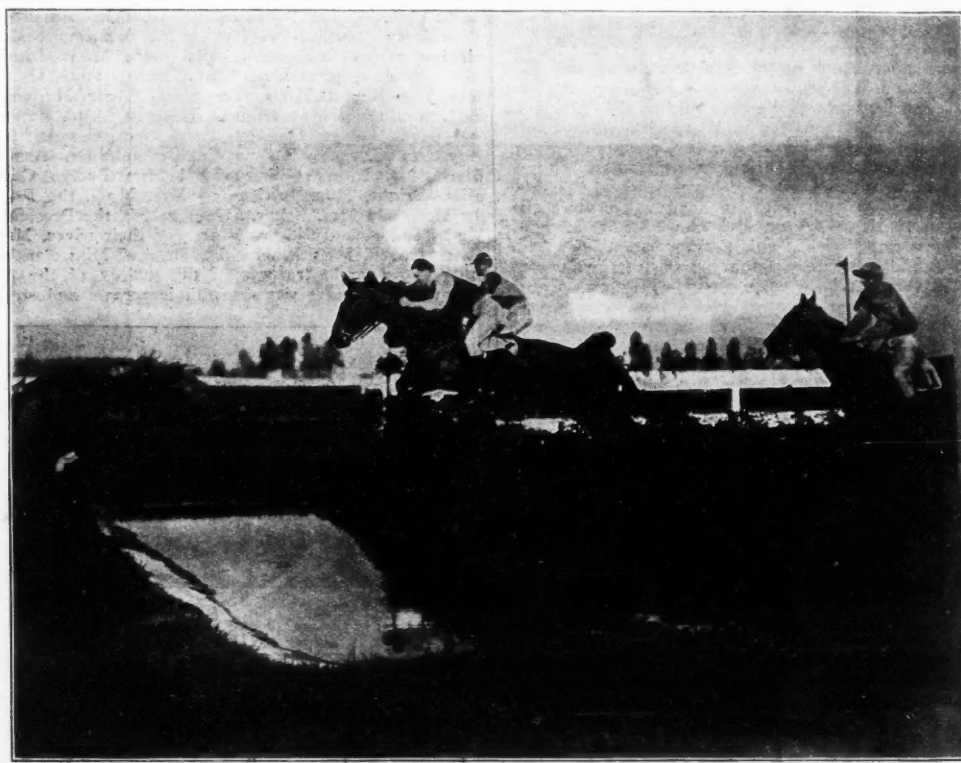
SPEAKING of coal-mining, the strike of the miners in the United States may have far-reaching and most serious effects. The Government at Washington threatens to commence legal proceedings against the operators and owners of the mines on the ground that they have formed a trust in restraint of trade. The statement that the coal trust restrains trade cannot be said to be an exaggeration. It proposes to paralyze trade rather than accede to an apparently reasonable demand for an increase of the wages of its employees. It regulates the price at which coal shall be sold to the wholesale dealer, regulates freight rates and miners' wages. It defines the territory in which each dealer shall sell, and yet, in the exercise of this absolute power over all branches of the coal-mining business, it maintains no visible organization, has no directors, no public place of meeting, and, so far as the authorities know, keeps no books. As an example of the manner in which the coal operators carry on business, a reliable Pennsylvania paper cites the following:

"In number seven mine, each 'team' or couple of miners, is required to mine, break up, sort and load from fifteen to eighteen 'operator's' tons of coal each shift. An 'operator's' ton is an unweighed car of coal, and amounts, when the car is 'heaped,' to three thousand pounds, or a ton and a half. The miners receive pay only for a legal ton of two thousand pounds. These miners' cars are looked over by a boss, who docks the miners any amount from one hundred to five hundred pounds for impurities. The miners want their coal weighed and they demand an increase in pay from three to six cents a ton, with an eight-hour day."

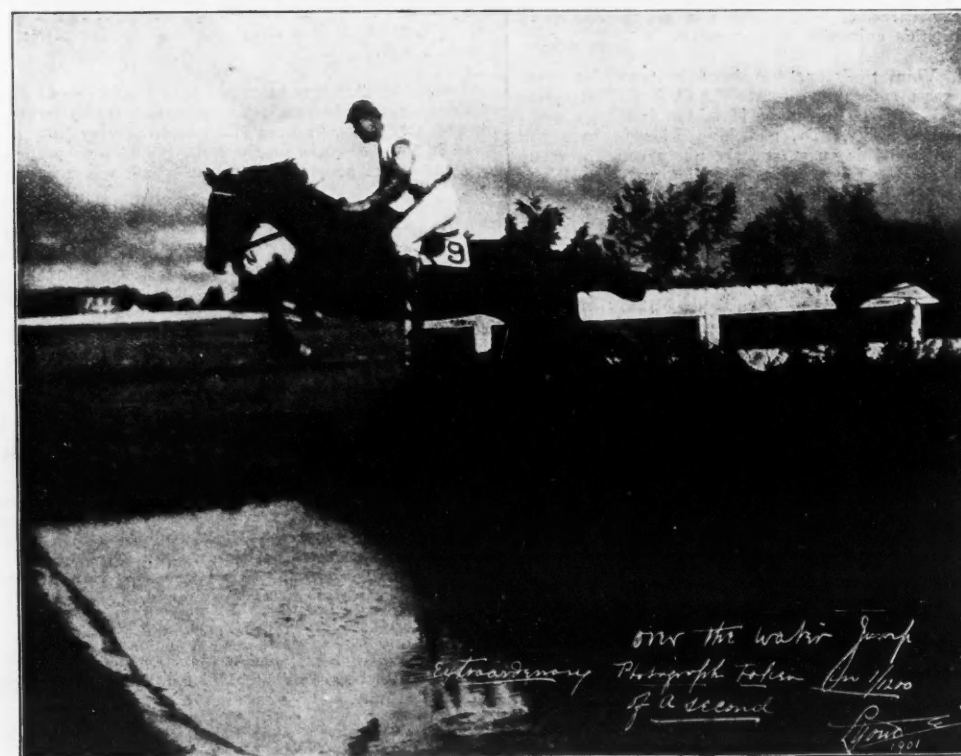
The increase in the price of coal is felt by every household, but the strike now on threatens more harm than increased prices. Coal is the life of modern trade, and if the supplies of coal are seriously diminished, hundreds of thousands of persons stand to be thrown out of employment. Manufacturers in the United States are said to be genuinely alarmed over the situation. The strike is at best a barbarous method of settling industrial disputes, and the present case seems to be one in which Government should interfere and use its full authority to put an end to a dangerous situation.

THOSE preachers who have been saying that St. Pierre was destroyed on account of its vice and wickedness should not be ignorant of the scathing rebuke of Christ (Luke xiii. 4-5), when He was told of the massacre of Galileans: "Those eighteen, upon whom the tower in Siloam fell, and slew them, think ye that they were sinners above all men that dwelt in Jerusalem? I tell you, Nay; but, except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish." The Rev. Mr. Livingstone of Windsor will please note.

UNITED STATES newspapers are giving currency to a story that some of the boundary marks in the disputed strip between Alaska and Canada were lately removed by a Canadian. The charge is a serious one, but I have yet failed to find in any of the papers publishing the report particulars of the alleged "outrage." However, it is being made to serve as a text for learned editorials vindicating the claim of the United States with regard to this boundary, and as such it is doubtless furnishing Yankee leader writers with an agreeable topic for discussion at a time when their domestic affairs, what with the Beef Trust, the coal strike and the Philippine muddle, are none too inviting. Some of Uncle Sam's journalistic statesmen hark back to the preposterous claim set up by the United States from 1818 to 1846 that the whole of the Pacific Coast of North America is by right theirs. "Leslie's Weekly" states the "American" claim thus: "Its (that is, the Republic's) title was based upon the discovery of the Columbia River by the Yankee skipper, Captain Gray, in 1792, by the



"Rising Sun" Setting the Pace.



Mr. Murray Hendrie on "Jim Lisle."

TWO REMARKABLE WATER JUMP PICTURES.

(Photos by Frederick Lyonle.)

The growth of Queen's has weakened the Provincial University first by robbing it of a portion of its legitimate constituency, and in the second place by fostering a powerful influence inimical to the ideal of a great and progressive State university with the resources of the whole Province of Ontario at its back. There is no need of two Provincial universities and there never should be two. To hear some of the Queen's enthusiasts talk one would imagine Eastern Ontario to be isolated from Toronto. As a matter of fact there are few localities in Eastern Ontario that are not within half a day's journey of Toronto by rail. The Presbyterians of Ontario never committed or countenanced a graver injury to the cause of higher education than by permitting Queen's University to break up the scheme for a single strong and worthy Provincial University, capable of taking its place in equipment and resources alongside the best State universities of the United States.

PEACE is a long time coming in South Africa, but it seems to be assured as the fruits of the conference now in progress, and it may be officially announced at any moment. There is apprehension in some quarters that the cause for which the British Empire has poured out so much blood and treasure—the cause of a united South Africa—may be compromised or surrendered in the terms of peace granted to the Boers. But the difficult problem of conserving British supremacy while making concessions to a beaten foe can safely be left in the hands of Lord Salisbury, Mr. Chamberlain and the men who represent them in South Africa. One of the conditions of the settlement, it is reported, will be that English is to be the official language in the two extinguished republics. It is to be hoped the report is true. There may be initial hardship

immigration, by legal enactment, and political device of every kind, the patient Germans have striven to foster the sentiment of German descent and nationality in the minds of these same peoples. On more than one occasion recourse has been made to rude and swift measures under the Dictatorship Paragraph for the punishment of newspapers and suppression of social movements of an anti-German character. The Kaiser has no doubt satisfied himself that a sentiment of loyalty to the empire has now taken root and is spreading in these provinces, and that it will be best furthered by the grant of federal self-government. Probably he is right, and the liberty for which France has clamored as a small concession to her lost peoples may prove the first principal step towards their voluntary incorporation in act and feeling with the empire of which politically they have formed a part for so long.

SINCE the statement has been made that the Morgan ship trust has bound itself to make all heavy repairs and to build all new ships in British shipyards, the British public has become rather more reconciled to the community-of-interest plan which promises to work so well for them. A United States journal which welcomed the Morgan trust as a first step towards the creation of a merchant marine for that country, admits that if the trust "had announced its intention to buy its new ships and have its important repairs done where they could be done the cheapest and, everything considered, to the best advantage, it would more have commended itself to the approval of the intelligent American citizen." But there is nothing to show that the work of building and repairing can be done either cheaper or better in the United States than in Great Britain, and the fact that the trust has guar-

exploration of the Columbia and its tributaries in 1805-6, by the erection of Astor's fur-trading factory at Astoria in 1811, and by a treaty with Russia in 1824, in which Russia promised to plant no colonies south of the present Alaska and the United States promised to establish none north of Alaska's southern line." And proceeding, the same paper, with characteristic Yankee nerve, gives a depreciatory summing up of the British title in the following sentence: "England's claims were based on glimpses which Drake got of the Pacific Coast region of the present United States and Canada a little over three centuries ago, by some discoveries by Cook and Vancouver a little over one century ago, and by possession of part of it by the British fur-trading corporation, the Hudson's Bay Company." This is a refreshingly original and delightfully accurate statement of the case. If boundaries could be delimited off-hand by process of mere statement out of the mouths of our accommodating neighbors, Canadians would doubtless be obliged shortly to move their goods and chattels, together with themselves, to the environs of the North Pole.

The weak point in the "American" case, or rather one of the weak points, is that the same people who are so noisy and disagreeable in stating their claims, evince a suspicious disinclination to submit those claims to arbitration. If the title of the United States to the strip of land now in dispute is so perfect, why is it that a large section of the press and of the public men of that country have opposed submitting the whole question to an independent court? It is easy to say that the matter must be settled, but how can it be settled except by voluntary compromise or by both parties going before a competent tribunal with their respective claims, offering their evidence and abiding by the award? When Great Britain had a boundary dispute with the wretched little pick-pocket republic of Venezuela—a dispute in which Great Britain was clearly right from the first, and in which she was afterwards fully sustained—the United States said "Arbitrate or fight!" And Britain arbitrated. Uncle Sam ought to learn to take his own medicine. Not only in this matter, but in others—such as the case of the Philippine atrocities for example. A good big dose of his own nostrums would work wonders in him. And as sure as fate, somebody will yet administer such a dose to him, whether he like it or not.

Social and Personal.

THE little word about King's Plate day and its patrons at the Woodbine was the only report possible in these columns last week, but it gave the note upon which the song of the Races might be sung, and its name was Success. Although the rain descended and the floods came, and airy gowns and scores of boas saw their finish on Thursday evening of last week, while their desolated owners hied home in a waterlogged condition, still nothing served to dampen their enthusiasm, and new frocks and fresh boas and hats bloomed out on the holiday. Almost every day (though a cold spell claimed three of them) the same bright, handsome women were at the Woodbine. Mrs. Mann had her merry party, Mrs. Turner of Ottawa, easily the sportiest and most earnest horsewoman on the lawn. Mrs. Arthur Grantham (nee Mackenzie of Benvenuto), and Mr. Grantham, Miss Williams, who wore the most charming gowns, and Mr. LeFurgey of Prince Edward Island. On Sunday Mrs. Mann had an informal tea for Mrs. Turner, and on Wednesday Mr. LeFurgey gave a theater party to see "Florodora." Lady Kirkpatrick of Clonsburn was several times at the course, always richly gowned in black, with touches of white chiffon, and her favorite corsage flower, an American Beauty rose. She chaperoned her charming niece, Miss Elsie Banks. The Ottawa contingent was ultra smart. Mrs. Bob Fleming's gowns being very well chosen, from a rich mauve with cream lace to a perfect walking suit of dark grey tailor-made, which was the very thing for those chilly days. Mr. and Mrs. George Cook, whose Orontas won them honors so handsomely on Wednesday, were perhaps the most popular visitors. Mrs. Cook is so bright and pretty and so full of enthusiasm for sport. Mrs. Mulock, who wore a smart dark Tah costume of velvet and silk, her daughters and daughter-in-law and Miss Amy Loring, all looked very well and glad to be together again. Mrs. Magann was one of the prettiest of the women who graced the members' lawn, and wore several handsome gowns, one of besque color, with a charming rustic hat and boa, being perhaps the most admired. Mr. and Mrs. George Hees, who drove out each day with their fine new pair of bays, had Mr. and Mrs. Will Hees of Detroit as their guests, beside their Toronto family party. Government House box was, as usual, decorated with a hanging garden of palms and flowers, and Miss Mowat and Miss Marjorie Mowat, Mrs. Fred Mowat, and Captain Kay, A.D.C., were frequently occupying it. Miss Mowat wore a very pretty white gown over rich green, the trimmings open work, and the hat of white, with white roses. Mrs. W. R. Riddell had Miss Burnham of Port Hope as her Race guest, and the two ladies were very smartly and prettily gowned as usual. Mrs. Worthington was one of the most welcomed guests. A pretty girl in a white frock with coatee and skirt trimmed with black bebe velvet and a charming bright face under a trimmed hat, was Miss Dorothy Glass, a "not-out" but very soon to be a belle. Mrs. Ridout of Rosedale House was at the course on fine days, but did not brave the cold. Lady Meredith and her daughters, Mrs. Ramsay, Mrs. Peters and Mrs. Thorburn, were attendants at the Races when everyone was greeting, and who enjoyed them thoroughly. The gay and lovely party driven down by Major Stinson on several days was the cynosure of all eyes. The Misses Stinson, who are very popular in town, Miss Sybil Seymour, Miss Eric Wilson, Mrs. Arthur Vankoughnet, were of Mr. Stinson's party on Wednesday, and the host gave a large and pleasant theater party in the evening at the Princess. Mr. and Mrs. Osborn of Clover Hill had guests from Philadelphia, Brantford and other cities during Race week, and gave the Race dance at their home on the second day of the meeting. It was the only affair of any importance in that line, and was ultra smart, the out-of-town visitors being hospitably bidden. Hon. Justice and Mrs. MacMahon entertained several times at Race breakfasts and their charming guests, Mr. and Mrs. D'Arcy MacMahon of Ottawa, were besieged with invitations to all sorts of functions. Mr. and Mrs. Willie Hope, who had intended being very merry among the friends at the course, were, instead, restricted by family bereavement to a most quiet little visit to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Gamble. A very typical and interesting family party gathered in Mr. Haney's box. To the least of his children the love of the noble steed seems an instinct, and while very quiet and quite absorbed in the sport of the day, many glances of observant people noted them as a pleasant party to admire. The Stanley Barracks drag brought down Colonel and Mrs. Buchanan, Mrs. Magann, Major and Mrs. Nelles, and several officers.



RECOGNIZABLES.

I was misinformed last week as to Miss Buchanan's return to town. She has been missed at the meet. Senator and Mrs. Melvin-Jones had a pleasant box party each day, and the ladies were always elegantly gowned. On chilly days Miss Melvin-Jones wore a fawn redingote over a purple gown, a most strikingly well fitting garment, and carried a huge chiffon muff with a garland of yellow roses nestling among the airy puffs. The bride, Mrs. Lorne-Somerville, wore on Wednesday a delicate fawn gown, with cream lace, and little borderings of fur, and a very pretty hat. Those always well gowned sisters, Mrs. Harry Beatty, Mrs. Christie and Miss Lillie Lee, were a smart trio, wearing on the chilly days very trim tailor-made gowns and coats. What many persons chose as "the" dress of the meet, was Mrs. Gus Burritt's, a beautifully tinted vieux rose gown, veiled in a



Watching the Start.

black mousseline de soie delicately embroidered. Mrs. Burritt has always been most popular, and her many qualities and charms amply deserve her popularity. Mrs. Bristol was the best gowned woman for a chilly day, in a rich glowing red gown, smart as could be. Miss Phemie Smith also wore a rose gown of frieze, very cosy and trim, on cool days. Miss Thom-son of Aberdeen, who was Miss Smith's guest on Wednesday, was in palest grey—one of a number of excellent gowns she wore during the Race meet. Mrs. D'Arcy MacMahon, tall and graceful, wore a pale grey cloth, and on the "big days" a lovely summery gown, with a huge collet of ermine and a tulle hat. Mrs. Thomas Tait, who came with Major Cockburn, wore a pale blue dress, and a white costume with blue, and looked more girlish than ever. Mrs. Dickson Patterson wore an English gown of fawn camel's hair, with Persian panne revers and cream lace, and a smart walking hat of fawn with huge rosette. A very lovely woman was Mrs. George Evans, who always dresses most quietly. Mrs. Gibson was on cold days a trim little figure in a short skirt and Raglan, with colonial buckled shoes and a Fedora and cane. Mrs. Alfred Cameron wore various handsome gowns, a cream one being particularly becoming. Miss Athol Boulton was quite the fairest maiden in a dainty grey costume with white vest and a lovely hat. Mrs. Frank Macdonald was always beautifully gowned. A pretty little girl was Miss Alleyne Birchall of Montreal, who has been in town on a visit to relatives. Miss Muriel Macdonough of Ottawa was much admired and was always extremely well gowned. Miss Sheila Macdonough, her hostess, looked particularly well and both young ladies were always the center of a jolly group. Mrs. Cox and Miss Evelyn Cox, Mrs. Myles and her fine-looking daughter, Miss Violet, Mrs. Stewart and her mother, silver-haired Mrs. Otter, with the two handsome Misses Stewart and their tall brother, Miss Kingsmill, always jolly and welcome, and her sisters and brothers, and Mr. Kingsmill, the Misses Homer Dixon, beautifully and quietly gowned; Mrs. Frank Arnoldi and her young daughters, horse lovers and knowing as to the good points of a Gee-Gee; dainty little Mrs. Fraser; Miss Parsons, looking very well in a trim gown and huge boa; Mrs. Fraser Macdonald, in various delightful frocks and chapeaux; Mrs. Nordheimer of Gleneddy in rich wraps and becoming bonnet, chaperoning one or two fair-haired and most refined looking daughters; Miss Birdie Warren, the picture of youth and beauty, were some of the attractive people one met on the members' lawn during this enjoyable Race meet.

Mr. H. Vincent Greene has been in town for some time, and was a constant visitor to the O. J. C. Races during the week. Miss Glasco of Hamilton has been much admired at the Races, Dr. and Mrs. Riordan have had Miss Fitzhugh as their guest, and she was greeted by many old friends at the Races. Mr. Benedict was a welcome visitor, also Mr. Jack Kilgour of London. Colonel Smith



A Hat Pool.

of London has been down for the whole meet. Judge Finkle of Woodstock was also prominent on the members' lawn. Mrs. Clemon of Ottawa was Mrs. Allen Aylesworth's guest at the Races on Victoria Day and looked very well in black and white. Owing to the illness of her father-in-law, the venerable Senator, Mrs. Clemon was summoned in on Sunday, and Senator Clemon's death will of course keep her in retirement for the season. Major Van Straubenz and Major Logan of Kingston attended the Races several times. Major and Mrs. Greville Harston were among the gay crowd on the members' lawn. Miss Beatrice Sullivan wore on one afternoon an exquisitely fitting gown of soft deep grey, en princesse, relieved by white. Mr. Colin Campbell and Mr. Amelius Baldwin were the tallest men on the lawn, and Major Maude and Captain Bell are also able to take a look over the heads of their neighbors. The Creelman home in the Queen's Park has that unsettled appearance consequent upon packing up and bills "For sale or to let" in the windows. Mr. Alec Creelman was in town for the Races, looking very well. Mrs. W. De Leigh Wilson and Mrs. Murray Jarvis looked particularly handsomely at the Races. The Misses Falconbridge and their charming guest, Miss Mary Grey of Ottawa, were a very pretty and popular trio. Mrs. MacMahon looked particularly well in a soft cream white voile with insertions of herringbone over a slip of buttercup silk, and a hat with particularly well in a soft cream white voile with insertions of herringbone over a slip of buttercup silk, and a hat with flowers to match. Mrs. Sankey was smartly gowned, and wore a most becoming black and yellow hat with flowers. An unusual feature of the Race meet was fur—not for trimmings, but for use. Mrs. Turner of Ottawa, whose furs are a byword, had a handsome stole boa, with double collar. A seal coat was not too warm on Tuesday, on which night a flurry of snow actually fell.

Theater parties have been all the rage this week, for the "Florodora" company is attractive and clever, and so is the "Fiddle-Dee-Dee" farce at Shea's. In fact, two prettier Race meet shows, of the light and frothy sort that appeals to the tired Race goer, could not have been selected. Mr. and Mrs. Magann gave a "Florodora" party on Monday evening, at which Mr. and Mrs. Bob Fleming, Colonel and Mrs. Buchanan, Colonel Lessard and Miss Nordheimer were guests.

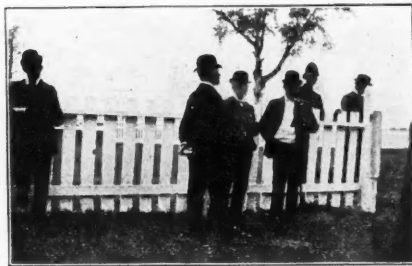
Mrs. Dickson Patterson was the guest of Mrs. W. S. Andrews at the Races once or twice. The members of the Westminster Abbey Choir were promenading the lawn on Saturday afternoon. The 48th Highlanders arrived home

at midnight on the 25th, their band demanding in insistent tones all the way up Simcoe street to be told where the laddie had been "all the day." I hear they had a fine time in the West, and the little party of pretty women who were the officers' guests from Toronto for the excursion enjoyed the trip very much.

"What excuse have you for living?" demanded a slangy youth of his friend. "Several" answered the other, calmly. "Should I be so inconsiderate as to die, my mother's big Race party would be ruined, my sisters couldn't go to the Coronation, my dad would have no one to chum with in fishing time, and as for Gladys—die? Not much, when she is so decent as to tell me she'll marry me as soon as I get a rise."

Mrs. and Mrs. Arthur Grantham have returned to New York. Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Guthrie have returned to Guelph. Mrs. Patterson of Embro, who is ill in hospital, has many tender thoughts and good wishes from friends who are fond of her here, and all hope for her speedy recovery.

The reception in the west end of Varsity's stately pile on Wednesday evening was a most interesting hour, and gave some Toronto guests the pleasure of meeting literary folk whose writings have appealed to them, and of rubbing elbows with several noted learned persons from other cities. The guests were largely those bidden on the previous evening to President and Mrs. Loudon's reception. Sir James Grant, with his ribbon and Order, and always courteous and charming manner, was an honored guest. A huge big New Yorker, Mr. Walsh, was another marked man among the scientists. W. Wilfred Campbell was a tired poet by the time he had been presented to all those who wished to meet him. Captain Bernier was also a much gazed at guest. One would think he had the North Pole in his pocket! A few of the company beside the visiting savants and their ladies were Miss Mowat and Mrs. Fred Mowat, Mrs. John Cawthra and Mrs. Perry, Mrs. Jean Blewett, Miss Salter, Miss Edgar, Mr. and Mrs. Pelham Edgar, Mr. Thomas Hodgins, Mrs. Eaton, Mr. and Mrs. George Dickson, Mr. Allan Cassels, Captain Kay, A.D.C., Mr. Barlow Cumberland, Dr. Armstrong Black, Mr. Irving Cameron and Miss Evelyn Cameron, Miss Wright, Hon. Justice and Mrs. Moss, the Principal, the Dean and Mrs. Baker, Canon Welch, the President and Mrs. Loudon, and the professors and their wives, Mrs. and Miss Heaven, Miss Ethel Ellis, Dr. and Miss Parkin, and others. An orchestra was in the gallery of the dining-hall, where a buffet was set with ice cream and strawber-



A 40 to 1 Shot.

ries and the usual accompaniments, and where, after a reading in the lecture-hall, from Canadian poets, of selections from their work, the company had a nice hour together until half-past eleven.

The very sad accident by which Mrs. Wilkie of Spadina avenue was so seriously injured last week, has distressed her many friends. I am told that Mr. Irving Cameron is hopeful of Mrs. Wilkie's recovery. This lovable little woman has had a good deal of sorrow lately, and her sweet and patient bearing has further endeared her to all. She is during her illness devotedly attended by her sister, Mrs. Frank Yeigh.

Several breakfasters have endorsed the praise of the fish meals which are becoming a looked-forward-to treat these summer mornings. I hear of a couple of very jolly dances given in the ball-room on the Lake Shore—one particularly by some smart people in Parkdale which was a great success.

The marriage of Miss Patterson and Mr. Gooderham takes place in St. Thomas' Church next Wednesday at half-past two. Mrs. Patterson is giving a reception for the bride and groom afterwards at her home in Brunswick avenue. Owing to the very large family connection, I understand the invitations are limited, only some special friends being informally invited.

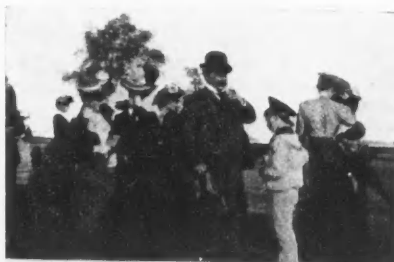
Major Forester was to leave yesterday for the Coronation, which he attends as a member of the Canadian contingent. By the way, Colonel Pellatt's speech at the farewell banquet was a jewel. Everyone who has a spark of Canadian in his nature should read it.

Miss Amy Robart Jaffray sang Mr. Frank Jones' sweet song, "The Rose and the Nightingale," at Mr. Austen's farewell recital at the Conservatory last Monday, and was encored with great vim. This is pleasant recognition for both the songstress and the composer, and is also most gratifying to their friends.

Mr. Alfred Taylor, Canadian Bank of Commerce, Montreal, spent Victoria Day with his mother, Mrs. Taylor of 22 Grove avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. Scott Griffin are on their way home from Europe—indeed, may be here before this paragraph is printed. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Beardmore are also en route. Miss Eric Wilson, the sweetest and smartest of little belles, has gone to join her mother in Kingston. Her departure is much regretted here.

Mr. Lynde was here, there and everywhere with his camera at the Woodbine, and has done some clever snap



"May I bet, Daddy?"

shots of the crowd, a few of which I have had reproduced. "May I bet, daddy?" shows one of the younger generation who is well known. "A hat pool," several smart society women drawing their numbers from a convenient hat, "40 to 1" shows Major Cockburn, V.C., after his lucky venture on Fernie Tickle, with a couple of well-known O. J. C. members. "Watching the start" are the Misses Mildred and Graeme Stewart, Major Maude, Mrs. Stewart and several others whom their friends will recognize.

Dr. and Mrs. Winnett, with their young daughter and Mrs. John Morrison, sail to-day by the "Ionian" from Montreal and expect to be abroad for some months.



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Social and Personal.

THE meeting of the Royal Society in Toronto this week has been the raison d'être of a couple of enjoyable receptions on the evenings of Tuesday and Wednesday. On Tuesday Mrs. Loudon was the hostess at her home in St. George street, and the affair was very nicely done. There were lions, literary, scientific, professional, all sorts of noble minds, and some of the lions shared the indisposition of His Majesty at Riverdale Park, as might have been expected from the changeable temperature of the past few days. But, in spite of colds, they did not share his grumpy temper, but were amiably personified. The cold snap was jokingly credited to M. Bernier, the would-be discoverer of the North Pole, who is a very bright and jolly little gentleman, not at all likely to create a frigid zone in his vicinity, and whom everyone stared at and voted a first-rate sort. Several of the Royal Society members have wife or daughter with them, easily the most distinguished being the gentle, fair-haired girl, Miss Cox, who is with her cultured and popular father, Professor Cox, of McGill, Montreal. Mrs. Loudon gave welcome to her guests at the door of the drawing-room, and the house was early filled with a bright assemblage. Men were greatly in the majority, and one heard most unusual conversations for an evening party. There were poets and philosophers, geologists and divers and delvers into the testimony of the rocks, the ways and works of the earliest inhabitants of this terrestrial globe, and the latest daring experimentalists in sound and sense. There was some disappointment that Marconi was not here, because he had promised, conditional upon his being within possible distance, to attend the meetings in Toronto. But waves of sound couldn't bring him to us, nor yet flashes of light, and the king lion of the New Century was "non est." Many of the ladies who attended the London reception had to corner a royal lion as speedily as might be and demand instruction regarding the true inwardness of the society, which was always given most satisfactorily. After the conference, one was impressed with the notion that the creme de la creme of brain, progress and research was supposed to be the make-up of the Royal Society, which that little appreciated worker for Canada's advancement, the Marquis of Lorne, founded during his Governorship. On being reminded of the latter fact, a bright dame cried, "Every Lorne seems always on top to-day. Do you know I won some money on Lorne this afternoon, and the jockey who rode him was Lorne, and the purse was the Lorne Purse. Wasn't that curious?" But the Royal Society man only gazed at her with mild toleration, and wasn't interested a bit. Another dame, coming in late from the Ross mass-meeting, found no answering vibration in the visitors for political matters, but was soon plunged up to her neck in a serious discussion as to how Bernier was going to get over the ice hummocks at the North Pole, and her suggestion to balloon it was seriously received and added to by a murmur of Santos-Dumont and his flying machine. Among the guests at the reception were Mr. Justice Moss and Mrs. Moss, Dr. and Miss Parkin, Professor and Mrs. Hutton, Professor Ramsay Wright, Professor and Mrs. Ellis, Miss Ethel Ellis, Principal and Mrs. Caven, Dr. and Mrs. Torrington, Chancellor and Mrs. Burwash, Mr. and Mrs. George Dickson, Mr. and Mrs. J. Herbert Mason and Mrs. Marani, Professor Mavor, Colonel and Mrs. Sweeney of Rohnell, Professor and Mrs. Wrong, Mr. and Mrs. John A. Paterson, Rev. D. Bruce Macdonald and Mrs. Macdonald, Dr.

Armstrong Black, Canon and Mrs. MacNabb, Dr. and Mrs. Bryce of Winnipeg, Dr. Fields of Hamilton, Mrs. James George, Miss Nisbet of Hamilton, Mr. and Miss McClelland, Professor and Mrs. Squair, Mr. and Mrs. Fox, who, with many others, enjoyed thoroughly meeting and conversing with the interesting members of the Royal Society. The Government House party, including Miss Mowat, Mrs. Mowat, Captain Kay, A.D.C., and Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Mowat, were present. A pretty buffet crowned with flowers and nicely served was in the dining-room, and the blazing hearth fire in the entrance hall was very welcome on so chill an evening. Mr. David Ross, accompanied by Dr. Torrington, sang some very impressive and well-rendered songs during the evening. Some of the gowns were very handsome. Mrs. Mason wore a most artistic hellebore gown, with applique design in white satin cord, most becoming and quite novel. Mrs. George Dickson was richly gowned. Mrs. Sweeney wore black brocade and lace. Miss Cox of Montreal, a soft cream white gown, touched with pastel green. The hostess wore black satin and lace and carried a pretty bouquet. Mrs. D. Bruce Macdonald was very pretty in a becoming cream white gown.

Next Saturday afternoon the Argonauts will give their spring At Home and regatta, for which some new rules are on the tapis. Dancing will be more of a soiree than a matinee programme, commencing later and lasting longer. Members desiring tickets for their friends had better send in their names betimes, as there is to be no infringement of the rule limiting the issue of invitations, and last year dilatory hosts found themselves in a very awkward box when their requests for tickets were perforce refused. The At Home Committee is Major Greville-Harston, Captain Barker, Major Mason, D.S.O., Mr. W. R. Wadsworth, Mr. C. A. E. Goldman, Mr. Don Bremner, Mr. Norman Bastedo, Mr. A. K. Macdougall, and Mr. James Merrick, secretary-treasurer.

Mrs. and Miss McMurrich, Miss L. Dewar, Mr. Hugh Osler, Mr. W. P. Brodie, Mrs. Harry Pringle and Miss McKinnon, Miss Mamie FitzGibbon, Mr. Mayne Campbell, the Misses Lash, are some Torontonians whose friends recognize their names and wish them a good holiday when glancing over the registrations at the Canadian Government offices in London the Great.

There is a bride in Toronto who has completed the most lovely trousseau for her approaching marriage with her own fair hands. The daintiest lingerie, the most charming little belts, collars, ruffs, the most fetching silken lounging-jackets, the most ravishing boudoir wrappers, the trimmest and most perfectly-finished tailor-made suits—everything a bride could wish for lies ready in waiting for the happy life she so well deserves to lead. In these days of extravagance there is something positively precious in the thought of such a trousseau, and no one limits the value of the sweet woman who has had the taste and patience and ability to turn it out so well.

There have been a great many smart women at the races this meeting—prominent visitors from other cities did us proud by the variety and beauty of their gowns. From Ottawa a very stylish and much-admired woman was Mrs. Bob Fleming, who wore a mauve gown that delighted the critics, a white Melton half-length coat that was the essence of chic, and one of the new half-veils of spotted net that hang about five inches deep from the hat-rim. Her fresh, lovely coloring and bright, animated face were a treat to look upon when contrasted with the many, many silvery women victims of fine clothes and the cold snap, who, no matter where they may have first seen the day, were truly "Bluenoses" at the races this week.

The happy Hendries, who love to win but know also how to lose with dignity and good nature, were simply mobbed by their friends in their loge on King's Plate Day, when Lyddite landed the guineas. The victory was one of the most popular, and good little Lyddite has since supplemented it with others, which add to her value and fame. Mrs. Hendrie of Holmstead has had a huge house party for the ten days of race meet at her home, and with her fine family group, has been the cynosure of all eyes. The party filled two loges, and included as smart a lot of ladies and good, sporty men as has ever been admired in Toronto. Mr. and Mrs. George Hendrie of Detroit have had their share of good luck this spring also, but it is the King's Plate that means so much to the Hamilton contingent, and that puts a smile on their faces which no after-event can dim in the least. Matrimony and Lyddite have rewarded long and gamey struggles as they merit.

Senator and Mrs. Melvin-Jones have had Monsieur La Rue of Quebec as their guest until Wednesday, when he returned home. Mrs. Hugh Guthrie of Guelph was a charming figure at the races on Victoria Day, in a lovely white foulard, with mauve flowers, and quaint undersleeves of huge puffs of white chiffon, a ruff to match, and a graceful white picture hat. Mrs. Guthrie, who was also a guest at Llaw-haden, wore a pretty mauve-gray tailor-made gown this week at the meet. She is a very pretty woman, with a tall, slight figure, and has been greatly admired at the Capital during the session. On Tuesday evening Senator and Miss Melvin-Jones, Mrs. Guthrie and M. La Rue occupied the Founder's Box, coming in time to hear the Premier and Mr. Guthrie speak. In other boxes were Senator and Mrs. Cox, Mrs. Dewar, Miss Ross and her nieces, Miss Kate and Miss Florence Ross, Mr. Mitchell, and several others. There was not even standing-room in the Massey Hall or on the platform. A very pretty arrangement of "The Soldiers in the Park" was sung by Miss Macdonald, accompanied by the famous band of the 48th, both instrumentally, and in the refrain vocally, with great effect.

Major Maude, A.D.C., and Captain Bell came on from the Capital for the races, and Major Maude stayed for several days, being entertained and welcomed as such a very nice Irishman.

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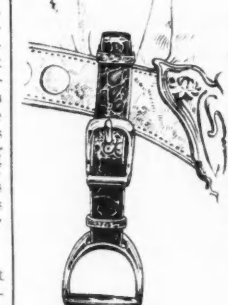
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Mr. A. Dickson Patterson returned from a visit to New York of some duration on Wednesday.

Mrs. Turner of Ottawa, who has been visiting Mrs. D. D. Mann, was the sportiest of little ladies, a real horse-lover, and a would-be purchaser, who was a great object of interest to sellers of likely nags. With a pocket full of money, Mrs. Turner knowingly criticized the various mounts that took her fancy, and her comments made the owners wink at the horizon with mingled surprise and appreciation.

Mrs. P. D. Cregar ran down for the races from Hamilton last week and also attended the U.C.C. celebration, looking as handsome as a picture.

Lady Kirkpatrick of Closeburn and her pretty niece, Miss Elsie Bankes, came often to the races, and were much admired. Mr. and Mrs. James Ross of Montreal came west this week and enjoyed the rather surprising temperature at the Woodbine.

I never saw anything in that line here which came up to the "mise en scene" last Saturday, when the grand stand filled up to witness the steeplechase. This year no one was allowed on the roof for some reason, so the pick of the beauties, the finest clothes, the smartest men, crowded up and packed the stand from top to bottom. Such a sea of loveliness was a treat rarely enjoyed by gazers from below, of whom, during a steeplechase, I am always one. King's Plate Day of 1902, which ended in such a millinery tragedy of wind and water, seemed to say: "Look well at my show. You won't see many of these hats and boas again." One handsome girl wore an imported chapeau, a dream of a hat, which is still a dream. It was snatched from her head in the storm and blown out to sea, and she has never laid eyes on it since. Her only satisfaction is that

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SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.—The tale opens at the Duke of Clarence's Theater, by the stage-door of which a young man, powerful, and remarkably handsome, but looking as if he had just come from the West, is waiting to see the manager. He is noticed by Winifred Gray, a rising young actress, and also by Lionel Macaire, a millionaire and friend of the manager, but of repulsive appearance and infamous character. The stranger, whose name is Hope Newcome, introduces himself as a friend of F. E. G. and the initials strangely affect not only the manager, Mr. Anderson, but also Macaire. Newcome, who announces that he has come to England for the purpose of "finding something," asks Anderson for an engagement, but the manager, prompted by his millionaire friend, finds an excuse for refusing. During the performance that evening Winifred Gray is sent for to the boudoir, where she sees Macaire. The millionaire informs her that he has now a controlling interest in the theater, and offers her an engagement as Rosalind. Winifred, who has been playing small parts, is at first dazzled by the offer, but on a declaration of love from Macaire she rejects the millionaire's advances with loathing. Macaire allows her to go for the moment, but declares that he will break her to his will. The same night Hope Newcome, still lurking at the stage door, sees a stranger of powerful physique mount the box of Winifred's cab beside the driver. Newcome orders him down and a struggle takes place. Newcome soon disposes of his opponent, and receives the thanks of the young actress, who, however, hardly realizes the danger she has escaped. Next day Winifred is sent for by Anderson, and, evidently with great regret on the part of the manager, she is to assume in a forthcoming production, and that if she prefers to leave the company at once she will receive salary for the next fortnight. Winifred sees she has no option but to go, and she knows also from what quarter the danger comes as she leaves the manager's room. Macaire enters with an unmistakable expression on his face. She visits all the theatrical agents and managers in vain for weeks, and is aware that strong influences are working against her. At length an offer is made to her to play at a high salary in a place at Brighton, to be produced by a wealthy amateur, the title role of Mame. Being in desperate circumstances she accepts the offer, and accepting a large advance, hopelessly commits herself to the part. She is, however, kept in ignorance of the real nature of the production, and the very last night of the first performance she sees, as she enters, Macaire sitting in a stage-box.

CHAPTER XIV. The Secret Out.

Winifred did not know how she got through the scene. It was only mechanically that she spoke her lines. For her there was but one man in the audience; the man who had done his best to ruin her life and drive her out of the sole profession in which she was fitted to make a living. "He heard that I was to play in this, and so he came," she said to herself. "He hoped that the sight of him would make me break down. But I shan't—I shan't."

She felt if only she could escape to the quiet of her own dressing-room and think for a moment that she might steady her nerves again; and when at last she was liberated by her first exit speech she hurried almost blindly from the stage. But Mr. Wantage blocked the way. "Our backer wishes to be introduced to you, Miss Gray," he said, stopping her in the comparative dusk of the wings. Her eyes were still dazzled by the shimmer of the footlights, and she only saw, for an instant, that there was another man with the manager. "Of course you must have heard of Mr. Lionel Macaire," he went on. And at the sound of that name the eyes of her mind were opened. As by a lightning flash in dead of night all that had puzzled her, all that had lain hidden in comforting darkness, was made poignantly clear.

Without speaking she broke away, and fled to her dressing-room. She pushed the door shut, and, locking it in the same instant, stood still, panting, her forehead damp under the stage make-up.

"How's the piece going, miss?" asked a meek voice, and, hearing it, Winifred started. It was the "dresser" employed in the theater who assisted such ladies as had no maid to do their own, and had helped Winifred to get into her costume for the first act. The girl had forgotten her existence, but instantly she controlled herself as well as she could.

"Going?" "Going?" she repeated vaguely, for the woman's question had scarcely conveyed an idea to her mind. "Oh—I'm ill! I don't know what I shall do."

"Have a drop of brandy, miss. I'll send out for you," suggested the dresser, accustomed to such emergencies. "You'll be all right."

"No, no," exclaimed Winifred. "I don't want anything. And—I shan't need you. You can go and help somebody else."

"Well, miss, if you're sure, there's plenty as wants me," answered the woman. "But I thought I'd be here ready, as I'd been tendin' so much to the others at first. There's your new costume, miss, out of the box. I thought you'd like to have it put out and save time."

She pointed, and Winifred saw something pale and pink and glimmering hanging over the back of a chair. For a few seconds after the dresser had softly unlocked the door and departed, she stood looking at the delicately tinted, formless mass, half dazedly; then she sprang forward and snatched it up in both hands.

What she held was a complete suit of silk fleshings, made to cover the entire body; and Winifred dropped it to the floor with a little choking cry of disgust, as if the thing had been a snake and writhed under the touch of her fingers. Then she covered her face with her hands and stood quivering.

"Macaire, please!" the call-boy shouted. Winifred did not hear.

Five minutes passed, and she had not moved. She was thinking—thinking, when a thundering knock at the door tore away the dark veil of thought in which her spirit had wrapped itself.

"Miss Gray, what's the matter? Good gracious, they're waiting for you

on the stage." It was the voice of Jeffrey, the stage-manager.

"I can't go on with the part," she answered, brokenly. "Something has happened. I've been cheated—deceived."

"Nonsense!" he ejaculated, desperately, and pushed open the door. "Who would have thought you were one of the hysterical kind? Come on, Miss Gray; you've got to come on."

"I can't," she panted. "I can't."

His answer was to catch her round the waist and pull her out through the open door. "You must be mad," he stammered. "I'll have to force you. You've got to play. Make a row afterwards if you must. Do you want to ruin us all—Wantage, and every man and woman in the company? Come along; I tell you the stage is waiting."

Roughly he pushed her into the proper entrance. Again she was blind, giddy, distracted. Everything swam round her for a moment, and then she knew that she had been sent staggering on to the stage, every eye in the house upon her.

All the actress in her nature rose and mastered shame and despair. She found herself answering her cues, saying her lines, going through the stereotyped stage-business. There were two selves that fought together—one raging with a wild rebellion against the vile plot which had trapped her; another that was like a cold, unfeeling piece of stage mechanism wound up to do a certain thing, and insisting upon doing it though the world rocked.

So the end of the act came, and there was applause from the audience and the clapping of a pair of hands in a box.

Winifred was half carried off the stage by some one of the actors who saw that she was scarcely conscious of what she did. He held her as the applause went on, growing louder, and supported her before the curtain in response to a "cail."

Whether the old-fashioned play were to be a success or not, the audience was taking it kindly. Out in front they were talking of a certain poster, and wondering if it were possible that the real scene and costume would resemble it, when Macaire should appear bound to the horse.

Behind the curtain, Macaire was being carried in a dead faint to her dressing-room.

Marmaduke Wantage—called to consultation—and the stage-manager were both in a state bordering upon desperation. "She's shamming—the little fiend!" Jeffrey hissed. "She'd go to any lengths to get out of it. Better not keep so dark about the scene, and have had your row out with her beforehand. Cat! Idiot! Prude! What's to be done now?"

"Tell the dresser to get the things on to her somehow, while she's unconscious, and take everything else away. Then you'll have her on the horse and out on the stage before she knows what's happened to her," answered Wantage, furiously, his face darkly flushed.

He was not in his "backers' secrets, but he had some suspicion that he had been beckoned from his obscurity for a very special reason. There were other men whose names and reputation would have been of far more value to the revival of this ancient play than his; and, high salary or low salary, it was all one to Mr. Macaire, if he chose to amuse himself by paying a huge bribe to buy off a pantomime at the Theatrical Theater of Brighton, and put on a musty old piece which every one else had forgotten thirty or forty years ago.

After a while Wantage had begun shrewdly to guess that there was method of some sort in the millionaire's seeming madness, and presently to realize that the whole production was but a gigantic bait to lure one pretty little fish.

But that discovery mattered nothing to him. He had got his chance to be in the swim again, and he was earning more money in a few weeks than he had been able to beg or borrow during the years in which he had been down under the deep waters. Marmaduke Wantage was utterly unscrupulous where he had any advantage to gain for himself. Lionel Macaire had chosen his man well. And now Wantage was determined that his patron's mysterious scheme, whatever it might be (exactly what it really was he had never been quite sure), should not fail in the very moment of fruition.

He had obeyed instructions to the letter in his treatment of Miss Gray—what he had told her and what he had kept from her; and he was certain that if she did not go obediently through her part on this night before the crowded house out there he would be the scapegoat in the millionaire's eyes. "All the better if she's fainting," he went on, when Jeffrey was silent, biting his lips. "The horse plays the scene, not Macaire."

"By Jove, I haven't the heart for it. It's too steep!" exclaimed the other. "This is going to make a scandal, and you and I won't be the whiter for it, old man."

"You're stage-manager, and it's your place to see that everything goes right," said Wantage, threateningly. "You don't want to make an enemy of Macaire, do you? He would be a bad one."

Jeffrey, who was another man with a past, and a disipated present, remembered his wife and children. After all the girl was a fool.

As good women as she had appeared in the sort of costume—or lack of it—which she affected to abhor, and would so appear again. He was even less in Lionel Macaire's confidence than Wantage, being ignorant that the actress and the millionaire had ever met before to-night, and he supposed, indeed, that the girl had seen fit to wear a certain kind of garment. It was her business to do what was required of her, and he would see that it was done, with her will or without it.

The dresser was summoned, and told that Miss Gray must be got ready for the next scene. And she had fainted, and could not help herself, she must be treated as if she were an infant. And no time must be lost, as the next scene was the most important one in the play.

A sovereign was slipped into the dresser's palm, and she promised that, whether Miss Gray woke up or not, she should be ready when she was wanted, so far as clothing was concerned. Then she locked the door, and stolidly set about her task.

For a time Winifred's body was as limp in her hands as if the girl had been dead, but as the work progressed a perceptible shuddering thrilled through the delicate limbs, and the bosom rose and fell with a sobbing breath.

The dresser paused for an instant, looking critically down at the dark line of curled lashes. "She'll be coming to herself before I'm done with this," was her thought. "I wonder what'll happen then?"

As she wondered there was a gentle tap at the door. The woman rose, and opening it an inch or two, peeped out. "Here's a note for Miss Gray," whispered Mr. Wantage. "Give it to her immediately if she regains her consciousness before it's time for her next scene. In that case there'll be an answer. If she has to go on as she is, you can hand the letter back to me."

He pushed an envelope addressed in pencil through the narrow opening and the dresser took it. Then, turning back to her charge, she saw that the young actress's eyes were wide open. The girl was lying on a sofa, opposite a long mirror, and upon her own reflection there her gaze was fixed with horror.

"I thought it was a dream—but it's true, after all. What have you—been doing to me?" she gasped.

"There, there, ducky," cooed the old woman, "nothing at all but helping you to get ready for your big scene, because time pressed and you weren't able to do anything for yourself. And here's a letter which you will know I mean. If you can care for me at all you will feel free to follow the dictates of your own heart. Then, you will know that I am thinking—Forget that you owe a penny; forget the contract you have signed. The debt shall be cancelled, the contract torn to pieces. What is a miserable hundred pounds of salary, what are the thousands spent upon the revival of this play—what is anything in this world when weighed against a tear or smile of yours?"

"Can you care for me, you will be glad that I am thinking this, and there will be nothing on earth that you can't take from me, or let me do for you. But if you still hate me as you once thought you did, if I am still 'horrible' and you 'loathe me,' then I know you cannot avoid remembering the money you have accepted, the contract you have signed, and you, being an honorable girl, will feel that you must earn the one and carry out the other.

"Send me a line, or even a word, to make me happy, and the curtain may be drawn and the audience be sent away for all I care, though enough money has been spent on scenery, costumes and rent to keep a dozen poor families in comfort for a year. And it has been all for you, to make you a 'star,' though I fear me much that my efforts to advance my love have not yet been appreciated. Still, the world appreciates them at something like their full value. One or two newspapers have got hold of the fact that my money is behind this company, and our friends are saying—which is the truth—that I am doing it all for you. Since this is being said, therefore, why not let me do a thousand times more for you—relieve you of every anxiety both for this evening and all future days?"

The letter was not signed, but well did Winifred know who had written it; and the keen, poisoned dagger-point in every line went home, drawing heart's blood. "Over the velvet glove was the hand of iron, with talons that pinched her very soul. How he reminded her of her obligations, and made it plain that they were all to him. How he dangled temptation before her eyes—escape from the net in which his machinations had first entangled her, and his millions for her little fingers to dip into at will. How he emphasized his arguments by his stealthy hint that, since the world knew of his admiration and aid at all events believe it reciprocated, there was the less reason to hold back.

Only a word, which she could deny afterwards, and those two horrible men, Wantage and Jeffrey, would let her alone. There would be no more torturing persuasion, no more attempts at actual force. He had said that he would "bring her to her knees." Now he almost saw her at his feet.

Winifred felt physically weak. Her eyes traveled again to the mirror, and she shivered from head to foot as she saw herself decked by the old woman's hands for the sacrifice. If she faints again they would do what they chose with her. She would be carried out, bound on Selim's back, and all those terrible eyes in the audience would see her—like that. And she might faint. She had suffered a very great shock to-night, and besides, for days she had been half-starving herself to make the five guineas last until salary should begin once more. She had had nothing to eat that day but bread and cocoa.

Supposing she sent Lionel Macaire the message he wanted? Somehow she could hide herself afterwards; and she would work hard—oh, so hard, until she could pay back every penny of his money which she had had and spent—a hundred pounds, as he reminded her. Surely if ever it were right to do evil that good might come it would be right now.

"The gentleman said there'd be an answer," suggested the dresser.

"Tell him—" began Winifred; but her voice died away. Then her eyes

lightened, and her drooping head was suddenly lifted. "This is my answer!" she exclaimed, and tore the letter into pieces, folding it again, and tearing again, until the tiny white squares fell to the floor in a fluttering shower, like a miniature stage snowstorm. "When you are asked for my answer you can tell them what I did. And now please go away. I shall take off these hateful things that you have put on me, and dress myself to go home. And I would rather be alone to do it."

"Oh, miss, you must play the scene, you know," urged the woman. "And it's so close now. When they sent me in to you, there was but half an hour first, and I worked as fast as I could. Only think, the other ladies and gentlemen are on the stage now. They'll soon be ready for you, and if you don't do for me to let you be late. You'd never be allowed to go home; and just think how bad it would be to be sued for breach of contract. They'd make you pay a lot of damages. Hundreds and hundreds of pounds, maybe."

"I couldn't pay," desperately retorted Winifred. "I wouldn't have no money." "Then they could put you in prison," said the old woman, far more intent on persuading her charge to be sensible than upon accuracy of statement. She really did believe what she said, and the girl in her ignorance could offer no contradiction.

They could put her in prison! Perhaps that was what Lionel Macaire had been working for all through. It would surely kill her mother.

At the thought of the dear little loving woman, who was thinking of her now at this very moment, far away in that nursing home in London, it was as if a great hand had grasped Winifred's heart and squeezed it. With a sob she broke into a storm of crying. "Oh, mother, mother!" she sobbed. "Shall I, who love you so, be the one to kill you? Will no one help, will no one save us from this horror?"

CHAPTER XV. The Great Scene.

Mr. Jeffrey gave Mrs. Purdy, the dresser, as much time as he could conveniently allow, and then he returned to the door. "How do you get on?" he enquired, anxiously. "Is it going to be all right?"

"I get on as well as you might expect," came the old woman's voice in reply. "I'll be all right. Don't you fear."

"I can't give you longer than five minutes more, I'm afraid," he answered. "Can you manage with that?" "Needs must, when somebody drives," he could hear an irreverent mumble from within.

Not far away stood the horse, Selim, held by his groom. The animal was used to the wings now and the lights and sounds of loud voices on the adjacent stage, but he was quiet enough. The strapping-gear was right. Nothing remained but for Macaire to be fastened on the beautiful black horse's back, when his skin of jetty satin would make a marvelously effective background for the slim, apparently nude figure thrown across it.

Jeffrey listened eagerly to what was going on upon the stage. They were "working up" with every word now to Macaire's thrilling entrance, which was bound to stir the audience, shocking some, pleasing others. It occurred to him as he stood impatiently waiting that this was a much better version than the old one, and, as he had altered it, under advice from Mr. Macaire and Wantage, he was entitled to take some credit to himself. If only all went well with this one scene, prosperous days might come back to him.

Everyone knew that the millionaire was interested in several theaters in London and in the provinces, and he controlled two or three powerful papers as well. Wantage was right; Macaire was a man to be conciliated. Four minutes passed, and he could remain passive no longer. He went back to the door of the dressing-room, which had Winifred Gray's name printed neatly on a card, tacked on the raised space between the panels. "Time's up!" he announced, with a warning rap. "I really must have Miss Gray now."

College Complexions

Can be Ruined by Coffee.

Nothing so surely mars a woman's complexion as coffee drinking. A young college girl of Hyattsville, Md., says: "I never drank coffee up to the time I went to college, and as long as you are going to publish my name will admit that I was proud of my pink and white complexion, but for some reason I began drinking coffee at school and when vacation came I looked like a wreck. Was extremely nervous and my face hollow and sallow."

"All my friends said college life had been too much for me. After questioning me about my diet mother gave me a cup of strong, rich coffee at breakfast, although formerly she had objected to the habit, but the secret came out in a few weeks, when everybody began to comment on my improved looks and spirits. She said she had been steadily giving me Postum Food Coffee and I did not know it."

"My color came back, much to my delight, and I was fully restored to health. I will return to college without the slightest fear of losing ground, for I know exactly where the trouble lies."

"Mother says the first time she had Postum made no one would drink it, for it was pale and watery, but the next day she did not trust to the cook, but examined the directions and made it herself. She found the cook had just let it come to the boiling point and then served it, and it was tasteless, but the beverage made according to directions, by proper boiling, is delicious and has a remarkable 'taste for more.' One cup is seldom enough for father now."

"I have a young lady friend who suffered several years from neuralgia and headache, obtaining only temporary relief from medicines. Her sister finally persuaded her to leave off coffee and use Postum. She is now very pronounced in her views as to coffee. Says it was the one thing responsible for her condition, for she is now well, and the headaches and neuralgia are things of the past. Please do not publish my name." Name can be given by Postum Company, Battle Creek, Mich.

"Dead or alive, eh, sir?" came from the other side. "Yes—if there was a question of dying. I must have her conscious or unconscious. The stage can't be kept waiting again. They're playing slow now, and, by Jove, if Macaire and that horse aren't ready to go on, there'll be some lively faking—which means the play'll be a failure, certain."

"Give me just three minutes longer, can't you?" pleaded Mrs. Purdy. "Them slick tights is the dickens and all to get on another person that's in a dead faint—no more life in her limbs than a doll. But we're 'most ready. And a real picture she'll be, I do assure you, sir."

"Then, for goodness' sake, don't stick there with your mouth at the door, but go back and finish your 'picture,'" growled Jeffrey, who would have yelled if there had not been an audience in the house with ears quick to hear any overloud sounds behind the scenes.

By this time Selim was getting restless, and stamping his iron-shod hoofs, for the moment before had come a burst of applause from the audience, and his rehearsals had not afforded him any such experiences as that.

Jeffrey went to him and occupied the interval he had extended for Mrs. Purdy in talking to the groom and soothing the horse with a lump of sugar borrowed from one of the stage hands. But he did not forget when the promised three minutes were up, and, with a glance at his watch, he was off again to Miss Gray's door.

He knocked, and on this occasion, somewhat to his surprise, the door yielded under the pressure of his knuckles. Not only had it been unlocked at last, but slightly opened as well. Taking advantage of this, he impatiently thrust in his head.

There stood Mrs. Purdy, leisurely hanging up the pieces of the actress's last-worn costume which she had tak-

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I have no samples. Any medicine that can effect Rheumatism with but a few doses must be drugged to the verge of danger. I use no such drugs. It is folly to take them. You must get the disease out of the blood.

My remedy does that, even in the most difficult, obstinate cases. No matter how impossible this seems to you, I know it and I take the risk. I have cured tens of thousands of cases in this way, and my records show that 39 out of 40 who get those six bottles pay, and pay gladly. I have learned that people in general are honest with a physician who cures them. That is all I ask. If I fail I don't expect a penny from you.

Simply write me a postal card or letter. Let me send you an order for the medicine. Take it for a month, for it won't harm you, anyway. If it cures, pay \$5.50. I leave that entirely to you. I will mail you a book that tells how I do it.

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Keble's Mistake.

Apocryphal of the rather slighting remark in Cecil Rhodes's will, with reference to the college authorities of Oriel, that they "are like children as to commercial matters," someone recalls the story once current of John Keble, who in his time was bursar of Oriel. The worthy poet was thrown into a panic by the discovery that the college accounts came out about two thousand pounds on the wrong side. The learned and pious men of Oriel tried in vain to find out where the error was, and it was not until an expert was called in that it was discovered that Keble, in casting up a column, had inadvertently added the date of the year to Oriel's debts.

en from the fainting girl, and, in her hurry, strewn over the floor. Her present movements suggested calmness of mind and plenty of time for all that need be done.

With one eager sweep of his eyes, Jeffrey took in the whole room. He had laid Winifred on the sofa, when putting her in the dresser's charge, but she was not there now. The place offered little or no chance of concealment; yet he could see the girl nowhere.

His face fell into utter blankness, then darkened into fury.

"What's this mean?" he ejaculated.

"Where's Miss Gray?"

The old woman turned and gave back his look coolly, her eyebrows rounded in surprise.

"Don't get in a wax, sir," she responded. "The poor young lady came to herself just as we were finishing, had a drop out of that very brandy bottle as ever was."

"What's this mean?" he ejaculated.

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Do that much, and I will do this:
I will send with the book an order on your druggist for six bottles Dr. Shoop's Restorative. I will tell your druggist to let you test it for a month. If satisfied then, the cost is \$5.50. If not, I will pay your druggist myself.
It shall not cost you a penny.

Please note what that means.
I furnish the treatment, give you my best advice, answer all of your letters.
If I succeed, the cost is only \$5.50 and the result is health.
If I fail, my effort and my medicine is free.
Can't you see that I must know how to cure?

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I don't mean that I never fail. I can always bring back this vital nerve power; but sometimes an organic disease, like cancer, makes a cure impossible.

But such conditions are rare. In any case, no matter how difficult, I will take the entire risk.
My records show that 38 in each 40 who get these six bottles pay for them—pay because they are cured. It is this remarkable record that makes such an offer possible.

There are 39 chances in 40 that I can cure you or your friend.

It is absolutely certain that in most chronic diseases my treatment represents the utmost that medicine can do.

It is certain, too, that no other physician will assume the risk, for no common treatment could stand a test like that.

No matter what your prejudice or doubts, remember that I take the risk. I alone am the loser if I fail. And if I succeed, you are well.

Be fair with yourself. At least get my book. I am sorry for the sick one who can say "no" to my offer.

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Book No. 2 on the Heart.
Book No. 3 on the Kidneys.
Book No. 4 for Women.
Book No. 5 for Men, (sealed.)
Book No. 6 on Rheumatism.

cue for the great entrance, and—ignorant of the latest developments since Wantage had left him—his eyes had not for some moments strayed from the stage.

He heard the galloping hoofs in the wings; then the noble black horse with a pearly-pink, slim body thrown across his back, sprang into sight.

Macaire's lips were apart. He uttered a faint, hissing breath, which gave a vent to strong emotion long pent up.

"They've made her do it!" he said between his teeth.

Then he looked closer, bending out of the box, deaf to the murmurs that went round the audience below. In the rage of disappointment at realizing his mistake, he could have shouted oaths aloud. But he had succeeded in doing many things in his eventful life by sheer self-control, and he had seldom lost it unless he had chosen liberally to let himself go. He did not lose it, or let himself go now.

So quickly did the scene pass by that few in the audience were certain that the figure on the horse was a mere understudy for Macaire. Some said it was Miss Gray herself; others vowed that it was another girl in her place.

From the stage-manager's standpoint the act was saved, whatever might have happened later; but to Lionel Macaire the substitution of an understudy for the girl whom he had meant to shame and humiliate was only an aggravation. He cared nothing whether the play went on or was stopped in the midst on the first night. It was only Winifred he had thought of from the first.

No answer had come to the note he had sent behind the scenes, and in this case he knew well enough that silence did not mean consent. If Winifred had intended to fling herself upon his mercy she would have replied with a written line or verbal message. And no word having been deigned he had believed Wantage's assurance that the

girl would go through the scene on the horse, even if she had to be forced to it.

The instant he saw that the slight, apparently nude figure bound to Selim's back was not Winifred Gray's, he rose from his seat without showing signs of haste and left the box.

Behind it was a door which led through a short passage to the stage, and the first person he met there was Jeffrey.

"Why did not Miss Gray play that scene?" Macaire questioned, sternly. Grotesquely ugly at all times, he was appallingly hideous when in a passion, and, though his voice was merely cold, Jeffrey saw by the purple face and the jelly-like quivering of the marred features that the millionaire's wrath was held in check by an effort.

"Miss Gray can't be found; she's disappeared," the stage-manager stammered, his castles in the air rocking on their foundation, built above this rich man's money and favor.

Then Lionel Macaire muttered an oath between his teeth. "What do you mean?" he said. "Wantage came out and told me that the girl had fainted, and would be put through it somehow, without fail. He had your word for it—as stage-manager. What do you mean, then, by saying she has disappeared?"

Jeffrey did not dare to lose his temper, though he had a hot one, quickly fired. "It is a most mysterious affair," he answered. "I don't know what to think of it. But certainly I am not to blame. And if Miss Gray isn't found, her understudy can get through somehow, though it will be a great misfortune on the first night of all nights. The only thing will be to go out before the curtain and make a careful announcement, working up some sensation that will fetch the newspapers and rouse the public's curiosity. It may even create a certain boom."

"Boom be hanged!" ejaculated Macaire. "The girl's played you false."

The Racing Season Is On.



Patsy—What yer got de plug shet up fer, Jimmie?
Jimmie—Cheese it an' say nothin'! We are keepin' him in hidin' fer de nex' big event.—Leslie's Weekly.

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then? But what a fool you were to let it happen! Do you remember it is my money you've been letting her make ducks and drakes of?"

"She's certain to be found," faltered Jeffrey, drooping under the millionaire's anger. "She can't possibly have left the theater. If you'll come with me, Mr. Macaire, to her dressing-room door, where Mr. Wantage is catechizing the woman who had charge of her after she fainted, you'll understand that it must be so."

"Very well," said the other, and together they walked across the stage, behind the setting which was going up for the next act.

(To be continued.)

The Stomach

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Gradually as the Stomach gains strength to do its own work again, the dose may be lessened, until finally health becoming completely restored, the treatment may be discontinued.

Curious Bits of News.

On the island of Jersey girls do the caddy on the golf links, and we are told that they are very good caddies, too; that they get over the fair green quite as alertly as the boys do, have equally sharp eyes, and that they "split pretty on the ground for luck" when in their maidenly judgment it seems necessary.

A careful estimate, obtained from official and other sources, of the available street, window, stand, and other accommodations along the route to be followed by the coronation procession of King Edward next month, reveals the fact that considerably over two million people can see the show without inconvenience. It is estimated that nearly four hundred and fifty thousand dollars has been expended in the erection of stands.

Experiments at the University of Michigan are reported as indicating that a galvanic current tends to promote the growth of animal tissue. The fact that electricity promotes plant growth appears to have suggested these experiments. Guinea-pigs, confined in a cage through which an electric current was constantly passing, gained 10 per cent. more weight in a given time than other pigs of the same age, fed with the same food, but confined in a non-electric cage.

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TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

EDMUND R. SHEPPARD - Editor

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TO all intents and purposes the season of the local theaters is at an end. It commenced with a rearrangement of former conditions and it closes with a prospect of still further changes next year. From a financial viewpoint it is understood to have been a not altogether fortunate season for some of the houses. Toronto has perhaps too many theaters in proportion to her population and wealth. Including Massey Hall, there are six enterprises in this city appealing constantly to the patronage of lovers of music and the various branches of the drama.

Artistically, the past season was in many respects eminently satisfactory to theater-goers. We have had here a wide range of talent and a diversified list of entertainments. At the Princess Theater, which takes the place of the old Grand as the Syndicate house, playing the majority of the high-priced attractions, the menu has been especially good, and the management of the theater have left with their patrons the memory of a delightful and profitable run of plays. They have definitely established the reputation of the Princess, hitherto devoted to cheap stock productions, as a fashionable amusement house. In the field of the drama, some of the best artists and plays that have appeared at the Princess this season and will be recalled with pleasure now that the season is over, are the following: Mr. E. S. Willard in a two weeks' engagement, playing Louis N. Parker's new play, "The Cardinal," in addition to his older repertoire; Mr. J. H. Stoddart, two engagements of a week each in a dramatization of "Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush;" Mr. Kyle Bellet and Miss Eleanor Robson in "A Gentleman of France," a dramatization from Weyman; Mr. Herbert Kealey and Miss Effie Shannon in "Her Lord and Master," a new play; Mrs. Sarah Cowle Le Moine in "The First Duchess of Marlborough;" Mrs. Patrick Campbell in "Magda;" "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray;" "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith;" and "Beyond Human Power;" Mr. James K. Hackett in "Don Caesar's Return;" Mr. Henry Miller in "D'Arcy of the Guards;" and Mr. Otis Skinner in George H. Baker's "Francesca da Rimini." Many other good dramatic attractions were played at the Princess, but it will be conceded that those named represent the cream of the bookings. In musical entertainments the King street theater gave us amongst other enjoyable and popular pieces "Dolly Varden," "Florodora" and "San Toy."

The best features of the Grand's season under the new management of Mr. A. J. Small would embrace the following: Mr. Richard Golden in the rural comedy drama, "Old Jed Prouty;" Mr. Lewis Morrison in "Faust;" Mr. Henry Glazier in "Prince Otto;" Mr. W. J. Ferguson in "The Brixton Burglary;" two engagements of Mr. Robert B. Mantell in repertoire; Mr. Frank Keenan in "The Hon. John Grigsby;" Mr. H. Reeves-Smith in "The Tyranny of Tears;" Miss Eugenie Blair in "Camille" and "Peg Woffington." Mr. Small provided numerous musical comedies at the Grand and in addition gave a short season of grand opera in English at popular prices, the Boston Lyric Opera Company being the performers and the repertoire embracing "Il Trovatore," "The Bohemian Girl," "Carmen," "Martha" and "Faust."

At Shea's Yonge street theater, after a long season of vaudeville, the experiment was tried of introducing a stock company. Mr. Shea brought together a number of tried players in a finely balanced organization. Such plays as "Lord and Lady Alay," "The Liars," and "Brother Officers" were put on. The performances were highly creditable. But the experiment proved a failure owing to popular indifference, and Mr. Shea reverted to vaudeville, in which his excellently managed house closes its season, and to which it will probably continue to be devoted next year.

The season at Massey Hall comes chiefly within the purview of the musical critic, who will review the season next week in his department on page 10.

At the Toronto Opera House there has been the usual run of "realistic" melodramas, and at the cheap variety theater in Temperance street shows have continued to be presented not of such a class as to allay criticism upon moral grounds.

In selecting an attraction for Race week that would be at once in harmony with the gaiety of the season and likely to prove a strong drawing card, the management of the Princess could hardly have hit upon a better idea than a return engagement of "Florodora." The piece, with its catchy music, dainty costumes and amusing dialogue, is particularly adapted for the evening's entertainment of audiences that have spent the afternoon at the Woodbine, consequently the fact that it is exciting even more widespread interest than on the occasion of its first presentation in the city, is not to be wondered at.

Miss Isador Rush, a leading lady who evidently does not consider it beneath her dignity to dance in quite as lively and exuberant a fashion as any of her chorus girls, scores a decided hit in her song entitled "Tact," the philosophy of which appeals very strongly to the audience; in fact, Miss Rush is pleasing throughout in the role of Lady Holyrood. Mr. R. Peyton Carter and Mr. Alf C. Whelan, who were not with the company when last here,

are said by those who have witnessed both productions to be decided improvements on their predecessors. Certain it is that the former, as Cyrus W. Gilfillan, proprietor of the Island of Florodora, takes the part very acceptably, while Mr. Whelan, as Professor Tweedledee, is at times irresistible. The "Tell Me, Pretty Maiden" song elicits the usual number of recalls, while "Under the Shade of the Palms," as sung by Mr. Sydney Deane, is as popular as ever. Altogether "Florodora" is a piece that pleases immensely, the comedy is healthful, and the music as rendered by an unusually well balanced orchestra and chorus is of that peculiarly catchy variety that makes it almost the acme of acceptability to the "popular" taste.

Scarcely up to the standard of the offering at the Princess is the bill at Shea's this week. The title "Fiddle-Dee-Dee" should certainly lead one to be prepared for a liberal assortment of absurdities, but the rather superlative character of the absurdities provided makes the piece, for the most part, exceedingly wearisome. The effort to extract from amusing situations so much more of legitimate comedy than they can be made to contain, leads to the undue prominence of two Dutch comedians and a Hebrew companion, and the prolonged antics of these three become very tiresome, although they at times show the three gentlemen to be possessed of considerable talent. The choruses, while pleasingly rendered, would suffer little if some new melodies were introduced. Two really good specialties are the Newsboys' Quintette and the musical number of the Johnstons. The boys sing with charming sweetness, while the xylophone playing of the Johnstons, which includes the overture from "William Tell," exhibits remarkable execution. "Fiddle-Dee-Dee" is attracting large audiences, who, notwithstanding its very numerous shortcomings, give frequent signs of approval.

The fourth week of the Mantell engagement at the Grand shows remarkably little falling off in the attendance, which may be taken as an added tribute to this actor's popularity. As Bernardo Roubillac, in "The Dagger and the Cross," Mr. Mantell shows his power as a romantic actor. The final scene at the death of Roubillac after he has confessed himself the murderer of Zilleto is a particularly powerful piece of acting. The part of Zilleto, a gay cavalier whose winning ways cause most of the trouble, is very ably taken by Mr. William Clifford, a recent addition to the company, and Mr. Mark Price as Father Lorenzo and Mr. W. J. Bowen as Reuben Clegg are quite as effective as usual.

shells which on bursting disperse stifling gases over a few square yards, and rifles which discharge bullets at the rate of twenty in the minute, are spoken of as "engines of hell," tributes to man's power for good and for evil. A strain of humility is sometimes heard when subscriptions are solicited for cancer hospitals, or endowments for research into the causes of disease, but it usually closes in an anthem of faith that ultimately man will end by becoming master of his circumstances and largely the arbiter of his fate.

"What is man?" The old question, dating from days when there was no science and much superstition, no knowledge and much religious faith, comes back on occasions with a startling suddenness which speedily exhausts the most lurid and impressive newspaper adjectives. This ancient question has just been put anew through the tongues of the volcanoes in Martinique and St. Vincent. And man stands quite appalled, unable for the moment to answer anything whatever, waiting for the disturbance to subside so that he may return to his old self-complacent existence. Yet the question put by Mont Pelee a week ago hurries us against every creed, hope and endeavor with which man is accustomed to buoy up his life in the ocean of time. Eleven days ago men and the children of men pursued their avocations on the mountain sides in Martinique and St. Vincent, each of them with a consciousness of his own, a hope, a faith, a desire to live, and that sense of importance about him which has made man lord of the earth in his own estimation. Suddenly, without any foreknowledge of his or consideration for him, the internal forces of the earth on the outside of which he exists become so violent in their action that vent must be found for them. Accordingly they break forth at an ancient exit, shoot miles high in the air vast masses of dust, gas, flame, steam and smoke, make room for themselves by lifting half the mountain with them, the mountain being merely earlier deposits of like eruptions, and change the face of the earth surface for some sixty square miles round about. It is quite obviously a matter of no account to those forces that in so acting they destroy thousands of men and the children of men, burned them, choked them, pelted them, or starved them. They diverted rivers and swallowed up streams, set the great ocean boiling, and scorched the face of the land. There was nothing of power and influence in that orderly town of men, immersed in business and pleasure, to make these forces turn aside. Man and his works, his arts, his beliefs, his self-consequence, were swallowed up and destroyed as readily, as callously, as inevitably by Mont Pelee as were stones and plants. Mont Pelee, in truth, knows nothing and cannot think, it can only act; and man who

AT THE WOODBINE TRACK.



A glimpse of the great, well-dressed crowd.

Opening of the Baseball Season.

THE Toronto Baseball Club opened their season at the Ball Park last Thursday with the Rochester club as their opponents. The directorate are to be complimented on the taste displayed in the selection of the home players' uniform, white with black trimmings, the most conspicuous of which latter is the "Maple Leaf" on the left breast.

Before criticizing the players, their successes and defeats, we would draw the attention of the directorate to one great defect, and we are sure we have only to mention the matter to have it rectified, namely, it was incongruous to have the Queen's Own Band, the maple leaf, and a Canadian audience, and to note the absence of a single Canadian flag floating from either flagpole on the grand stand. Perhaps the secretary-treasurer will open his hand and float to the breeze next week the flag that for a thousand years has braved the battle and the breeze. Let us whisper in the directorate's ear, we will guarantee that the flag will banish the streak of ill luck the team have been playing in the past week, and take away the glamor that has caused a slump in their batting averages.

Toronto has a good team, active, energetic, at times a little over anxious, and on the whole a team that will compare favorably with others in the league. The past week has illustrated one fact: we are weak in our batting, but this will come all right.

Two Canadians proper are on the pitching staff, Scott, a Toronto boy, won his game handsly on Victoria Day, and was the recipient of a nice remembrance from local friends in the shape of a handsome chain and locket. Bruce, the other Canadian, is a prime favorite and will soon show his value. With an improvement in batting the Toronto team can hold its own with any in the league. The attendance has exceeded expectations, and a gratifying point is that the ladies are increasing their patronage, which, let us trust, will not be impaired by any unseemly conduct on the field.

The Voice of Mont Pelee.

PERHAPS the chief characteristic of the present time is man's satisfaction with himself. On all sides resounds a paean of human achievement. Every newspaper every day has at least one record, one reference to the progress of mankind. And the keynote of all the exultings and celebrations is man's mastery over Nature. The theme may be the bridling of electricity, and how it performs man's behests for his convenience. How it occasionally hurls him out of this world when something goes wrong with the harness, with a ruthless rapidity that seems anything but the act of a servant, is described as an accident. We are specially proud of the perfection of our methods of murdering each other. In order to describe a modern warship every adjective implying force and terror is called into use. Guns that send a projectile to a distance of eight miles, in a majority of cases falling harmless,

knows something, and can ponder much more, who can even write the history of the doings of Mont Pelee, is, by comparison, of no account.

What is man, indeed? The real question is, What is this earth, and to what ends and purposes does it belch its entrails forth? If we but knew that, we should know ourselves and our destiny. A round ball of liquid fire, careering through space in an orbit determined by a central sun, which is also careering through space in another orbit, in obedience to some law of which we know nothing, has in course of time crusted over with matter so solid that it seems eternal. On this crust we human beings, one form of life out of myriads, exist precariously. We are things of the outer crust only. The interior of this careering ball, as Mont Pelee has just reminded us, is no place for us; there we could not live, and there we did not live when there was no crust. Over this crust we wander and spread ourselves. Nothing is really kindly towards us. The sea drowns us, the air ceases to be our air at a small altitude, the sun scorches us or by his absence leaves us to be frozen. We are beings of so many degrees Fahrenheit: at 32 we shiver, at 90 we languish. No one of those myriads of balls of liquid fire, or gaseous energy, careering through space, crusted or uncrusted, luminous or dark, is a possible home for us. We must cling precariously in faith to this crust as the folks of Martinique clustered about the base of Mont Pelee and trusted it. The day comes when it betrays our faith. It breaks open and says, in so far as it can speak, Onwards! Through the venthole in the crust comes a cry of Cease not! There is no pity in it, there is really no reference in it to any human emotion at all. To us things of the crust the fiery interior pays no heed. It has business on hand at which it has been laboring since a time when there was no crust. We humans count no more in this matter of crusted liquid fire spinning through space than the plants, trees, beasts and other accidents of crust-existence which are swallowed up or overwhelmed when through Mont Pelee comes the roar of its energy. True, we have intellects and literatures, and liturgies, and architectures, and paintings, and telegraphs, and eight-mile guns. In Martinique and St. Vincent the sub-crust energies have taken quite a large bite of all these things of human pride, and you would never know they had swallowed them. It is really wonderful how our pride can continue to stand up before these manifestations. A destiny far older than any history or origin of humankind goes on rumbling and proclaiming itself under this our dwelling-crust. We live on, clinging to it in faith, a faith of the simplest and least reflective. The people of Lisbon City to-day, if they think anything at all about the historical earthquake of Lisbon, hope to die before the crust opens again, and men and houses tumble down the clefts some fathoms nearer the primal energies whose parasites we are. A short time only will pass and the mountain slopes in Martinique and St. Vincent will be gay once more with plants and gardens and the habitations of men. Down below, between the smoky venthole and the sea, there will be towns and villages, with markets and prisons, and every evidence of a humanity full

of faith in his crust-home—having no other. In time Mont Pelee will open her lips again and belch forth another message of the eternal energy beneath her. And the crust-dwellers will still be thinking, and reasoning, and striving to solve the causes of all things and the significance of themselves. Whether it is in the nature of the universe and their constitution that they can solve the problem will need many ages to show. What are we crust-dwellers that La Soufriere should so gulp us down? is one way of question; the other, What is La Soufriere proclaiming from the primal energies beneath her?—London "Outlook."

Notes From the Capital.

The Cassils Grant Wedding—Other Weddings to Come.—Rev. Dr. Herridge Will Remain in Ottawa.—Pics on Victoria Day.—Defence of Ottawa.—General Society Notes.

SIR JAMES AND LADY GRANT had sent out a large number of invitations for the marriage of their daughter Gwendoline to Mr. Harry Cassils of Montreal. The marriage was to have been a very smart one. A reception would have been held at the house afterwards. The bride was to have been in the prettiest of white chiffon frocks, but the bridesmaids' gowns were being kept secret. The bridesmaids themselves were to have been Miss Mabel Cassils of Montreal, sister of the groom, and Miss Isbester of Ottawa. Perhaps they will still attend the bride, for the wedding is going on, but without the pomp and the splendor, and with no guests outside the family. It is hardly necessary to mention that the cause of the change is the death of the father of the groom, Mr. John Cassils of Montreal. Miss Grant had her troupeau all ready, such pretty gowns, they say, but all colored, of course, so that for the present she will not be able to wear them. She will put on mourning immediately after her wedding. The invitations to the wedding have not yet been cancelled, but it is the general impression that the cancellation will soon be done, unless, indeed, the hosts are taking it for granted that their invited guests will not put in an appearance.

Another wedding for which the invitations are out is that of pretty Miss Ethel Davies to Mr. Hyndman of Winnipeg, which takes place at Christ Church at half-past two on the seventeenth of June. Miss Amy Blair's wedding also takes place at Christ Church, and not at St. Andrew's, for although she is a Presbyterian she is marrying an Anglican clergyman, and so, to conform with his principles, must be married in the Anglican Church.

Speaking of St. Andrew's reminds one that Dr. Herridge, the popular and eloquent pastor of that church, has decided to remain in Ottawa, and so has declined the call to Frognal Presbyterian Church, London, England. Dr. Herridge announced his decision at the morning service last Sunday, and the congregation received the announcement with delight. Many people stayed afterwards to shake hands with Dr. Herridge. It was quite a difficult point to decide, for there was much to consider both for and against, but I am told that Mrs. Herridge, who, in her own way, is almost as great a favorite in Ottawa as her brilliant husband, was strong from the first against going. She may have helped the preacher to make up his mind.

Victoria Day was about as poor a day for picnics or any kind of outdoor party as could be imagined, and there were very few picnics. They all got wet. The largest, or, I should say, the most fashionable, outdoor party of that day was a picnic to Chelsea given by Mrs. John Gilmour for Miss Mildred Meredith of Quebec, a young lady who has been for a couple of weeks the guest of Miss Jessie Gilmour. Mrs. John Gilmour had two assistant chaperones (which looked as if she expected trouble). These were her intimate friends, Mrs. Louis Jones and Mrs. W. E. Hodgins. It may have been that she wanted company, for the majority of the guests were of the youngest social set, especially the girl-friends of Miss Jessie Gilmour, who is not yet "out." The party left the Union Station in a private car about half-past one on Saturday afternoon, and in about ten or fifteen minutes were at their destination, for Chelsea is the second station on the Gatineau Valley line. Soon after their arrival the rain came down in torrents. Fortunately Mrs. Gilmour owns a pretty summer cottage at Chelsea, so that there was somewhere to go out of the wet, and it may not surprise any person to hear that ping-pong was played during the afternoon. Many other picnic parties did not fare so well.

The gallant Forty-third Rifles were out about twenty-five miles from Ottawa defending the city from an imaginary enemy, but they found a very real one in the clerk of the weather, who persisted in spoiling their outing, though he did not affect their manoeuvres. The regiment left Ottawa on Saturday morning and arrived back in town on Sunday evening. Some clergymen thought it was quite wrong of them to have the march-in on Sunday, but their opinion was not regarded, and only for the rain the expedition was a satisfactory one. The Forty-third is being highly complimented by all competent judges of matters military. Colonel Hodgins, D.O.C., with Captain Morrison, D.S.O., as his staff officer, accompanied the regiment as umpires of the proposed manoeuvres. Colonel Sherwood is the commanding officer of the Forty-third, and among the officers who were in the manoeuvres were Major Rogers and Major Helmer, Captains De la Ronde, Bolland, Cameron, Dewar, and Stewart, Lieutenants Blackburn, Armstrong, Bell, Folkins, Dickson, Birdwhite, Pinard, Gilmour, Bell, Edwards, McNeil, Wood, Oliver, Mathewman, and Captain Sutherland. Quartermaster Hutcherson, and Surgeon-Lieutenant Birkett.

Sir Wilfrid and Lady Laurier are still away enjoying a rest somewhere in the mountains. They are not expected home for some days yet, in fact not much before their departure for Europe, on the 13th of June. The Misses Borden will not accompany the Minister of Militia and Mrs. Borden to England, but will stay at Stadacona Hall in Ottawa until the last week in June, when they propose going down to Nova Scotia. Dr. Borden has had several improvements made in the grounds about Stadacona Hall and the place looks extremely pretty.

The Ottawa Council of the Knights of Columbus gave a grand At Home on Monday night in their new and exceedingly fine hall in Maria street. The guests were received by Mrs. M. J. Gorman, whose husband is a Grand Knight, and Mrs. Latchford, wife of Hon. Mr. Latchford, who is a chancellor of the order.

On Monday afternoon Mrs. Francis Chrysler gave a tea, which, only for the rain, would have been a tennis party. On Tuesday the Ladies' Golf Club played a match against bogey for a prize given by Mrs. St. Denis Lemoine. Mrs. Sidney Smith was the winner, 8 down to bogey. On Monday a match for a pearl coronet pin, presented by Miss Sparks, will be played by the Ladies' Golf Club.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Ahearn and party have returned from their six months of foreign travel. They came over in the "Prince Bismarck," which sailed from Southampton on May 16th. A number of friends were at the station to welcome them when they arrived in Ottawa from New York. AMARYLLIS.

Our Race Pictures.

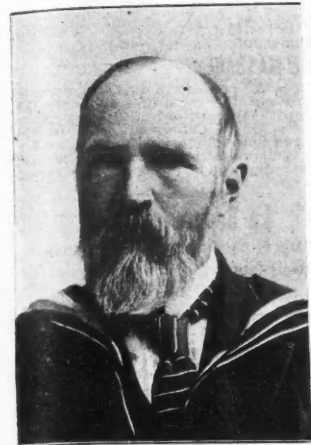
The pictures of the fashionable crowds at the Woodbine race track, reproduced on these pages, as well as the other Race pictures in this week's issue of "Saturday Night," are from photographs taken by Mr. Frederick Lynde. The jumping pictures on the front page are two of the most remarkable pictures of horses in motion we have ever seen. They were each taken in the inconceivably short period of time of one-twelfth-hundredth of a second. The small pictures on page 2 are from a number of snapshots taken by Mr. Lynde of well-known people at the meet, who can be recognized easily. Individuals are also recognizable in the pictures on this page and the page opposite. They give one a very fair idea of the display of fashion at the Ontario Jockey Club's annual meet.

The Royal Society of Canada

Something About Its Aims and . . . Methods.—Now Meeting in Toronto

THE announcement that the Royal Society is in session in Toronto this week will convey very little information to a great many, even intelligent people, for notwithstanding the fact that the Royal Society of Canada numbers among its members a great many of the leading intellectual lights of the country—lawyers, doctors, professors, all of whom have achieved distinction in some branch of their profession—the general idea of the aims and scope of the society is not very clear.

The Royal Society of Canada has now been in existence for twenty years, having been founded by the Duke of Argyll (then Marquis of Lorne) in 1882. The inspiration, no doubt, came from the good work being done by the Royal Society of the Old Land; but although the constitution of the Canadian society largely follows the form of that of the older organization, it differs in some important particulars, chief among which is that it limits the number of its members. In the Royal Society of England membership is thrown open to the general public, but to become a member of the Royal Society of Canada, the constitution requires that the applicant must have distinguished himself in some field of learning—must have written a book of approved merit, or have made his mark in the field of original scientific research. So careful is the society as to the qualifications of those seeking membership, that one's nomination, with the printed recommendations of the mover and seconder, is under consideration for a full year before the vote is taken. This strict censorship should ensure a very select body of learned men, and a glance at the list of distinguished names on the society's roll assures one that it does so.



PROF. JAMES LOUDON, PRESIDENT.

The object of the society, as will be seen from the foregoing, is to encourage studies and investigation in literature and science, and to this end prizes and other inducements are offered for valuable papers along these lines. In the prominence given to literature by the Royal Society of Canada, it differs from the society of the Mother Country, the older organization having largely neglected this department, giving greater weight to scientific research.

At the annual meetings, usually held at Ottawa, although being held in Toronto this year as a compliment to President Loudon, papers are read—the result of much labor and learned enquiry on the part of members, and records of these papers are preserved and distributed among kindred societies throughout the world. The public is, of course, welcome to attend these annual gatherings and hear the papers read. Some very pleasing social functions are features of these annual meetings, which this year included a reception by Mrs. Loudon on Tuesday evening, a reception by the President and faculty of the University on Wednesday evening, and a reception at Government House on Thursday afternoon.

C. E. F.

The Original Charles O'Malley.

IN one of the cemeteries of Toronto is the grave of the original of Charles Lever's Charles O'Malley. The tomb is situated between those of Andrew Mercer and Matthew Codd, and is a coffin-shaped stone of Irish granite, decorated at the corners with shamrocks beautifully worked in filigree. It bears the following inscription, now beginning to be undecipherable:

"Francis Gethings Keogh Cohortis, XXIX Dux Obiit Jan IX MDCCCLIV Aetatis suae lx."

Keogh, as an officer in an Irish regiment, is said to have had such a remarkable series of experiences that Lever utilized them in his famous character in the rattling and rollicking story in which, according to the "Saturday Review," "pistol shots circulated as freely as claret, the one being generally a consequence of the other." Keogh retired from the army and came to America after the book appeared, living with friends in Buffalo. A resident of Toronto, Matthew Codd, took a great interest in the man, either from a personal knowledge of the family or knowing of him having been the original of the O'Malley character, and when Keogh fell ill in Buffalo, Codd had the sick man removed to Toronto, where he died and was buried in the plot adjoining Codd's. The obelisk over the Codd grave is likewise of Irish granite, with shamrocks carved around the base. Both memorials, however, are crumbling away. The above reminder of Lever recalls the visit of the novelist to Canada when he walked through the streets of Quebec with moccasins and feathers, in addition to his ordinary attire.

Cured.

MY friend Easton has always been faithful in keeping the few promises that he makes, but while strict in the matter of engagements, he was always, till two months ago, sure to reach the place of appointment from three to ten minutes after the time upon which we had agreed.

"I'm sorry, old chap," he would say with the usual smile, "but you know how it is." Not that Easton led such small cards as "Our old clock is out of order," "I stopped to talk to a friend," or "I had to deliver a message on the way over." No, he was above such paltry excuses. He had confided to me that he had a disease which he called Five Minutes Out, and the symptoms were so many and of such regular occurrence that I was half inclined to accept his theory. It seems that good intentions were not wanting. Easton always planned, while there was still plenty of time, to be ready at the required hour. But sometimes he picked up a paper or a magazine "just for a minute." Often shaving would not admit of completion in the regular quarter of an hour, and several times, as he laughingly told me, he was kept late not by the elusive hard work, but because it required five minutes' close, hard work to coax his tie to show the pattern to the best advantage. Thus for some cause or other, all of which my friend sometimes lumped in the comprehensive term laziness, he was always in a hurry during the last ten minutes of dressing, and then, as usual, late for church, concert, or private appointment. Even at the house wherein dwelt a certain fair lady, Easton was seldom exactly on time. He used to tell me how earnestly he endeavored to reach that house, of all houses, but, unless he took to running or gained a few minutes by means of the street car, the result was always the same—"I'm a little late this evening."

So often did he speak of his failure to be on time at the home of the only one that I rebelled at being trained for an enthusiast on the charms and perfections of my friend's best girl. With secret dread—lovers are poor company, except for each other—I had noticed the willingness with which Easton went into captivity to a pair of beautiful eyes and a pleasing manner. Without knowing it, he had called my attention to a case of love in the first stage by the remark, "I can't understand that girl." I did not see

any cause for his worry on that account, and wisely refrained from showing any interest in the fact stated. Soon afterwards the second stage was indicated by the confession, "There's a way that I like about that girl." But not till the declaration, "She is always the same," showed the commencement of the third stage, did the blindness of the divine passion permit my friend to realize his true condition and my knowledge thereof. Then it was given to me to know by experience the meaning of "adding insult to injury." His tardiness in meeting me invariably suggested to him a somewhat similar state of affairs on the previous Wednesday or Sunday evening, and led him to weary me as only lovers can. Fortunately he at last realized that with the things hardest of accomplishment must be classed the arousing of another fellow's enthusiasm in the first fellow's choice among girls.

But from one standpoint Easton's love affair interested me sincerely. I felt sorry that, although in many little ways my friend showed the effect of the influence of the fair lady, the habit of arriving late was as firmly fixed as ever. For this reason, and because of my fondness for experiments, I tried to effect a cure of Five Minutes Out. Our friendship was on a permanent basis and therefore I felt free to adopt various schemes. I tried being late enough to keep Easton waiting ten minutes, and once I made him fear he had missed his train. I joked with him about his habit, even ridiculed it, and bought for his dresser a picture called "On Time," and showing a train arriving at a station. I showed him clippings on the value of time, talked punctuality, and even took him to a lecture on the same subject. But after submitting kindly, though with very little improvement, to all my experiments, he said, with a sorrowful attempt at a smile, "It's no use, old man; I tell you it's a disease, and for incurability consumption simply isn't in it with Five Minutes Out. It's not infectious, though, or you would have caught it long ago."

Imagine, then, my surprise one evening on hearing Easton knock at my door at twelve or thirteen minutes past seven. We were to meet at 7.15 and so I was simply astonished. My watch still ticked healthily, so as soon as we reached the street I looked to my friend for an explanation. He seemed in no hurry to enlighten me, so I said, "It was at a quarter past seven you were to call, was it not?" With a smile at my perplexity he said, "Yes, that was the time set." Although I was very curious to know how my friend had managed to be not only on time, but two or three minutes ahead, I felt that this was a time to make haste slowly. Therefore I waited, and my friend

How Bret Harte Wrote "The Heathen Chinese."

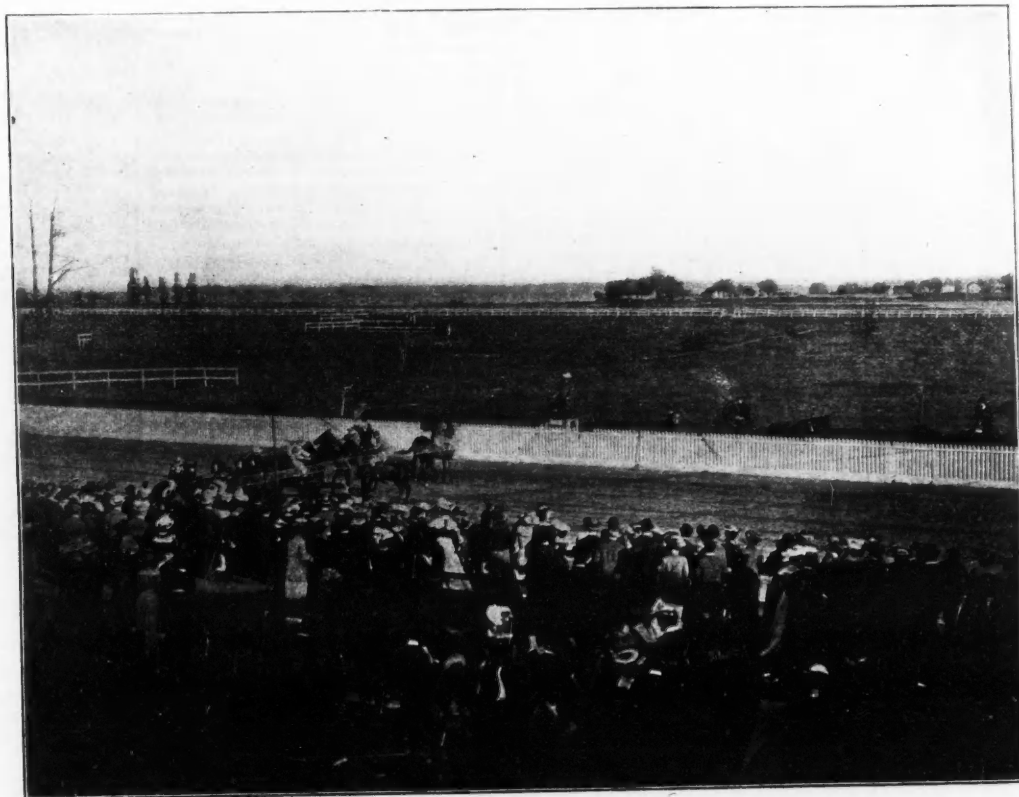
SPEAKING of his famous poem, "The Heathen Chinese," the late Francis Bret Harte once said: "I was always fond of satiric verse, and the instinct of parody has always possessed me. 'The Heathen Chinese' is an instance of this, though I don't think I have told anybody, except a well-known English poet, who observed and taxed me with the fact, the story of its metrical origin. 'The Heathen Chinese' was for a time the best known of any of my writings. It was written with a satirical political purpose, but with no thought of aught else than its local effect. It was born of a somewhat absurd state of things which appealed to the humorous eye. The thrifty Oriental, who was invading California in large numbers, was as imitative as a monkey. He did as the Caucasian did in all respects, and, being more patient and frugal, did it a little better. From placer mining to card playing, he industriously followed the example set him by his superiors, and took cheating at cards quite seriously, as a valuable addition to the interesting game. He cheated admirably, but instead of winning praises for it, found himself, when caught at it, abused, contemned and occasionally mobbed by his teachers in a way that had not been dreamt of in his philosophy. This point I put into verse. I heard nothing of it for some time, until a friend told me it was making the rounds of the Eastern press. He himself had heard a New York brakeman repeating:

"'Yet he played it that day upon William and me in a way I despise.'"

"Soon afterward I began to hear from it frequently in a similar way. The lines were popular. The points seemed to catch the ear and hold the memory. I never intended it as a contribution to contemporary poetry, but I doubt from the evidence I received, if I ever wrote anything more catching. The verses had, however, the dignity of a high example. I have told you of the English poet who was first to question me regarding the metre, and appreciated its Greek source. Do you remember the threnody in Swinburne's 'Atlanta in Calydon'? It occurred to me that the grand and beautiful sweep of that chorus was just the kind of thing which Truthful James would be the last man in the world to adopt in expressing his views. Therefore I used it. Listen," and he quoted, marking the accents with an amused smile:

"'Atlanta, the fairest of women, whose name is a bless-

AT THE WOODBINE TRACK.



Ready to start.

being on time at our next meeting, my curiosity was satisfied.

"I know," he said, "that you are wondering how I at last managed to be on time. Well, this is how it happened. A week ago last night the little girl and I talked about punctuality." "Yes," I said, for once interested in "the little girl"—in love's vocabulary "he" and "she" are almost obsolete terms. With a quiet, earnest manner befitting the expression of the highest wisdom known to man, my friend continued, "It seems that the little lady some years ago formed a habit of being ready for any appointment ten minutes before the time appointed, and when I spoke of my trouble in getting anywhere on time the little girl advised me to try her plan."

I felt a little hurt at Easton's words. Many times I had spoken of the value of good habits, especially the habit of being punctual. I had advised him to be ready half-an-hour ahead of time. However, I said only, "It's a good plan."

With an attempt at freedom of manner, and yet with the far-off look of a hopeful Columbus or of a patient astronomer, my friend said, "Yes, I believe there is something in the little lady's scheme, and so I am giving it a trial."

Of course a two months' test is not proof positive, but the cure seems to be complete. My friend is now a model of punctuality, and knowing his former state, I fall to thinking, every time I see him, of the value of influence—if exercised by the proper person. W. A. CLARKE.

Bugle Song.

(After Tennyson.)

Grim portent falls o'er dining-halls,
Excited hearts full high are beating;
O quick! Snatch off the table-cloth
Before the folks have done their eating.
Ping! Father, Ping! Set the wild echoes ringing!
And Pong, Mother! Answer echoes, Ponging, Ponging.
Ping!

O hark, O hark! How sharp and clear!
As Grand-dad pings across the table!
O faint and far the echoes are—
With Jenkins ponging in the stable.
Ping! 'Tis the cook and eke the housemaid flinging
Care to the winds and Ponging, Ponging, Ponging!

O Love, it palls—this chasing balls
That hide themselves in dusty places—
While one, alas, flew in the gas,
And three knocked over valued vases.
Ping! Is it true that angels, no more singing,
With harps for bats, go Ponging, Ponging, Ponging?
BURGES JOHNSON.

"This book says something about somebody's being a 'bete noir.' What's a 'bete noir,' George?" "Oh, it has something to do with the best sugar trust, I suppose. Don't bother me when I'm reading."—Ex.

The Blue Laws.

THE Blue Laws of Connecticut were so called because they were printed on blue-tinted paper.

These were some of them:

"No one shall be a freeman or have a vote, unless he is converted and a member of one of the Churches allowed in the Dominion."

"No dissenter from the essential worship of this Dominion shall be allowed to give a vote for electing magistrates or any officer."

"No food or lodging shall be offered to a heretic."

"No one shall cross the river on the Sabbath but an authorized clergyman."

"No one shall travel, cook victuals, make beds, sweep houses, cut hair or shave on the Sabbath day."

"No one shall kiss his or her children on the Sabbath or feasting days."

"The Sabbath day shall begin at sunset Saturday."

"Whoever wears clothes trimmed with gold, silver, or bone lace above one shilling a yard, shall be presented by the grand jurors, and the selectmen shall tax the estate £300."

"Whoever brings cards or dice into the Dominion shall be fined £5."

"No one shall eat mince pies, dance, play cards, or play any instrument of music except the drum, trumpet, or jews-harp."

"No man shall court a maid in person or by letter, without obtaining the consent of her parents; £5 penalty for the first offence, £10 for the second, and for the third, imprisonment during the pleasure of the court."

Stockton and Kipling.

THE "Bookman" for June prints this story of the late Frank R. Stockton and Rudyard Kipling:

The two gentlemen met at an author's reception, and after some preliminary conversation Mr. Stockton said: "By the way, Kipling, I'm thinking of going over to India some day myself." "Do so, my dear fellow," replied Mr. Kipling, with a suspicious warmth of cordiality. "Come as soon as ever you can! And, by the way, do you know what we'll do with you when we get you out there, away from your friends and family? Well, the first thing will be to lure you out into the jungle and have you seized and bound by our trusty wallahs. Then we'll lay you on your back and have one of the very biggest elephants stand over you and poise his ample forehead directly over your head. Then I'll say in my most insinu-

ating tones, 'Come, now, Stockton, which was it—the Lady or the Tiger?' What would you do then?" "Oh, well, that's easy enough. I should tell you a lie." "Thanks, awfully! That's just as good as the truth, now that you've told me that it's to be a lie. If you say 'the Tiger' I'll know it was the Lady; and if you say 'the Lady' I'll know it was the Tiger. Good!" Then both of them drifted away from the interested group, and were presently observed to be standing in the immediate vicinity of a large china bowl with something pink in it.

Refreshments at the Coronation.

ARRANGEMENTS have been made by which those who are to be present in Westminster Abbey at the Coronation on June 26th will have a short interval for refreshments. This will be done by the establishment of a lunch-room in one of the ancient cloisters. Even with the abbreviated ceremony, the service will be very long, and it is considered essential that the Royal party and the guests should have some place handy where the pangs of hunger and exhaustion may be staved off. The peeresses are in consternation. According to the present arrangements, the latest hour at which they will be admitted to Westminster Abbey on Coronation Day will be 8.30 a.m., while they are advised to be present at eight o'clock. The calculation is made that, in order to get their hair dressed, adjust their robes, and prepare other details, the peeresses will be obliged to rise long before the sun is up on the day the King is crowned, and, even then, as the "Westminster Gazette" says, not all the artists of Paris and London will be equal to the emergency.

The Water Would Run Out.

The ignorance which foreigners have to combat in their efforts to open up trade with China is well illustrated by an incident which occurred not long ago. Sir James Mackay is the English commissioner to negotiate trade treaties in China. He wrote to one of the viceroys, earnestly pleading that the trade barriers in that province be removed. He received a reply from the viceroy saying that he could not think of removing these barriers for the reason that if he did the water would all run out of his province. The viceroy's idea of the barriers was that they were physical dams along the water courses over which the trade was carried.

Those English Ways.

We find the following anecdote in a Naples paper: "At the postoffice yesterday, amid the large crowd gathered around the window, was a young English lady, handsome, well dressed, and accompanied by her maid. The young lady had just purchased some stamps, and was about to affix them to a number of letters, which she held in her hand. Delicately tearing off a stamp, she said to her maid, 'Pull (sic) out your tongue.' And the maid, with English impassivity, thrust forth her tongue, while the mistress passed over it a postage stamp, which she subsequently stuck on a letter. She went through the entire package of letters, and for each one the obedient waiting-maid thrust out her tongue for the mistress to moisten the stamp. Curious manners these English people have."

Would Found an International Newspaper.

William T. Stead states that up to the year 1890 he was the sole executor of the will of Cecil Rhodes. It had been the intention of himself and Mr. Rhodes to found an international newspaper, with offices in London and New York, which should be largely conducted on educational lines. Mr. Rhodes had resolved to devote his fortune to the scheme, as he considered it would be a step toward the realization of his dream of Anglo-American reunion. Mr. Stead's name was removed from the list of executors in consequence of his opposition to the Boer war, and the scheme was then abandoned.

Water-Cure Testimonial.

"Dear Uncle Sam,—For the last four years I have been an intermittent sufferer from insurgenitis. Yesterday some new-found acquaintances filled me with rejoicing—and with sixteen gallons of your truly wonderful remedy for lapse of memory, failing eyesight, loss of speech, and other symptoms of insurgenitis. I feel like a new man. I felt big enough for eight new men. Yours, mostly, "Sumatra Rapperino."

Lord Russell and Despondency.

A good lesson for those who are inclined to early despondency over their chances in life is contained in a passage from the recent biography of Lord Charles Russell of Killowen. Sir Charles said once to his biographer, "I think I never desponded," and then related how, dining once with two friends on the same circuit, he found them in the lowest spirits. One thought of going to the Straits Settlement, but afterward became Speaker of the House of Commons; the other meditated migration to India, and he—this was Herschell—became Lord High Chancellor.

Motherhood.

So still and wonder-rapt you lie, my sweet!
From your pale forehead to your folded feet
Seems such a little space, yet—Ah, mine own!
Between them all my world and heaven meet.
—Elsa Barker in "Bookman."

Willy—I met our new minister on my way to Sunday school, mamma, and he asked me if I ever played marbles on Sunday. Mother—H'm! And what did you say to that? Willy—I said, "Get thee behind me, Satan!" and walked right off and left him—"Tit-Bits."

Dinwiddie—Where shall I find the spring underclothes? Department store floorwalker—Two aisles to the left, right next to the cugh cure and patent medicine counter.—"Judge."



DOWN LEAFY WAYS.

(Near Port Sandfield, Muskoka.)

Amateur photo by Arthur C. Gunn, London, Ont.

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a popular excursion to Boston on Fri-
day, May 23, by regular trains, the
fare from Suspension Bridge or Buf-
falo only ten dollars (\$10) for the round
trip, tickets good for return up to and
including Monday, June 2.
See West Shore ticket agents for
further information.

Anecdotal.

"There was a witty fellow out in a
Michigan hospital," says Representative
William Alden Smith, "who had
to be fed on a daily diet of egg and
sherry. His physician asked him how
he liked it. 'It would be all right, doc-
tor,' he said, 'if the egg was as new as
the sherry and the sherry as old as the
egg.'"

It is related that once, when the Earl
of Lauderdale was at dinner with King
Charles, he remarked to the King:
"There is a good saying, that fools
make feasts and wise men eat them."
"There is another as good," replied the
Earl of Shaftesbury: "wits make jests
and fools repeat them!" and the King
advised Lauderdale to make sure of his
man in future.

During the recent street car strike in
St. Louis, Professor Hyatt, the weather
observer, was about to get on
a car, when a member of the
strike committee stepped up to
him and asked if he intended riding
on the car. The professor re-
plied that such was his intention. The
striker sought to persuade him not to
ride, but he started to get on the car.
"Well, if you ride on that car we will
withdraw our patronage from you,"
said the striker. "If I don't care whether
you patronize me or not, I'm in the
weather business," replied Professor
Hyatt, and he entered the car.

In a Georgia justice court a colored
witness was asked to name the time a
difficulty occurred. "Hit wuz in foder
pullin' time, suh," he replied. "You
don't understand me," said the judge.
"I mean, what time was it by the
clock?" "Dey wuz no clock dar,
suh," said the witness. "Well, by the
sun, then?" "Now," exclaimed the
witness, triumphantly, "sence you hez
come right down ter business I'll tell
you plain: Ef de sun had been a-shin-
in' hit would er been 'bout two hours
en a half by sun; but ez de sun didn't

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to out-of-town customers who desire
"correct" stationery.

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show his face 'till dat day I couldn't
say fer sartin des what time hit wuz!"

At the funeral of a lawyer of state
reputation, who lived and practised in
a town not far from Philadelphia, and
who was known among his friends as
an unbeliever, an eminent gentleman
from Philadelphia reached the house
after the minister had begun the ser-
mon. Not knowing how far the service
had progressed, he accosted a well-
known Quaker of the town, who was a
friend of the deceased, and who was
noted for his great sense of humor,
and, leaning over his shoulder, asked
in a whisper: "What part of the ser-
vice have they reached?" To which
the Quaker, without a smile, replied:
"Just opened for the defence."

A story of poor Aurelien Scholl, who
lately joined the majority, gives a
good idea of the caustic humor which
made him an oddity among French
writers. At a celebrated cafe—not, I
think, the Maison Dorée, though he
was at one time a great supporter of
M. Verrier's, a most moribund establish-
ment—he was offered a Burgundy,
which was praised by the host as "true
velvet," but had, in fact, become a
little sharp with age. "Yes," said
Scholl, after tasting it, "velvet, but
with pins in it!" Soon after came a
Bordeaux, said on the same authority
to be "the most generous wine in his
cellar." "It is," was this time the ver-
dict, "for it has given away all its
good qualities!"

Magistrate Devoy, in the Myrtle
Avenue Court, Brooklyn, recently had
four dummies who were caught in a
gambling raid before him. The first of
the lot to be brought to the bar was an
undersized man, with a comical face,
as black as night. The dialogue be-
tween the magistrate and the prisoner
created some merriment in the court.
"What is your name?" enquired the
magistrate, sternly. "Mah name's
Smiff," replied the ducky. "What is
your profession?" "I se a locksmith by
trade, sah." "What were you doing
when the police broke into the room
last night?" "Judge, I was pursuin'
mah profession. I was makin' a bolt
for the door." "Officer," said the mag-
istrate, with a merry twinkle in his
eye, "lock Smith up."

The late Sol Smith Russell had three
young nieces living in the West, of
whom he was very fond. On one occa-
sion, so the story goes, he took the
youngest of them for a walk and
bought her some candy on the agree-
ment that it was not to be eaten until
they reached her home. They started,
but before they had gone far the little
girl proposed, "Let's wun!" Her uncle
declined, and there was long pleading,
all to no purpose. Finally, the little
girl stopped, knelt down on the pave-
ment, and offered up the petition:
"Dod, please make Uncle Sol wun."
It was simply a question of my losing
my dignity, or my losing her faith in
God," said Mr. Russell, in relating the
incident, "so we ran as fast as we
could for home."

The Philadelphia "Times" tells of a
little Philadelphia girl who was per-
mitted to go to a certain Sunday
school, although the denomination was
not that of her parents. Not long ago
her mother felt that she was old
enough to be baptized with full under-
standing of the significance of the cer-
emony, but of course insisted that the
baptism be performed in the church
which the mother and father attended.
To this the mother demurred; she wanted
the "wedding for dod," as she ex-
pressed it, where her playmates and
friends could see her. The mother was
firm, however, and finally the wee miss
became dutiful to the extent of sug-
gesting this compromise: "Well, mam-
ma, let us fix it this way: I'll get
wedded in your church, and then, if it
doesn't take, I can go and get wedded
in my church."

Among the clergymen of San Fran-
cisco there is none more popular with
the children than the Rev. Dr. Mac-
kenzie. The story of how he won over
an obstreperous boy in his Sunday
school is amusing. The mother of the
lad had invited the doctor to dinner.
"Well," she said to her hopeful, "pass
Dr. Mackenzie a potato." Willie seized
the potato between thumb and finger,
and before his mother could utter a
horrible remonstrance, he had tossed it
across the table squarely into the
good man's lap. "Judgment!" cried
Willie, "dese er ke!" "Willie, leave the
table," stormed his mother. "Madam,"
said the minister, "do not judge him
harshly. See how beautifully he put
the sphere over the plate." And from
that time there wasn't a more earnest
worker in all the big Sunday school
than that same Willie.

Some time ago an earnest prohibi-
tionist came unawares on a lone Maine
fisherman, who happened at the mo-
ment to be quietly drinking something
from a black bottle. He was so much
seized by the sight that at the
prayer-meeting that evening he re-
ferred to the incident as follows: "O
Lord, we ask Thee to turn from his
evil ways the poor, besotted sinner I
saw this afternoon swigging rum from
a black bottle against the peace and
good order of the State." It so hap-
pened that the sinner referred to was
present at the meeting, and at the con-
clusion of the prayer arose and offered
the following petition: "O Lord, Thou
knowest that when the brother seen
me I was not drinking rum, as I do not
like it, but Scotch whiskey, which the
doctor ordered me to take to keep
away the rheumatiz, and Thine be the
glory forever. Amen."

Robert Browning once mounted an
outdoor rostrum in defence of his re-
ligious beliefs. The story is told in the
"Cornhill Magazine." "One of Brown-
ing's recorded sayings is that he liked
religious questions treated seriously,
and we know by his letters that his
own belief was sincere and strong.
Some twenty years ago he told his
neighbor at a dinner-party that on his
way home to dress he had stopped to
hear an open-air preacher in Hyde
Park. The man was developing free-
thinking theories, and at the moment
Browning arrived was emphatically
invecting against the possible exist-
ence of God, and defying his hearers
to disprove his arguments. At last I
could stand it no longer," said Brown-
ing, "so I asked him to get off his tub

A Martyr to Science.



Bootmaker—You'll excuse me, sir, but I can see that those boots are too
tight for you. They'll give you corns.
Customer—My good man, that's just what I require. I'm the Clerk of the
Weather, and I want to know when to be able to predict rain with certainty.
—"Pick-Me-Up."

and to let me get up and try to answer
him. He did so, and I think, he added
modestly, "that I had the best of it."

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Two Ladies.

A Married May Meeting. Specialties and
Speculation.

DO you know the Sweet Lady? She
is not always brilliant, and her
brilliance when it shines does
not always sparkle. She is not
often witty, and her wit neither stabs
nor chafes when it is voiced. She
isn't always smiling, but her smile is
ready just round the corner of her
adorably peaceful lips. When she
laughs the birds might well stop to
listen, for the essence of sympathetic
fun is in her laugh, a twinkle is in her
eye and little evanescent wrinkles of
amusement about her face. The Sweet
Lady is a partizan, an idealist, a hero-
worshipper, whose whole-souled devo-
tion is archaic and whose loyalty and
faithfulness are the very heart's blood
of her life. You never find the Sweet Lady
loving to you one day and cold the
next as you do other ladies less per-
fectly balanced. She never accepts the
report of the mischief-maker as worthy
of being acted upon, nor the sugges-
tion of the aggressive mind as a spur
to hasty enterprise. It seems impos-
sible for the Sweet Lady to assimilate
malice or uncharitableness, or to hold
spite, or to avenge real or fancied
wrongs. She is the ideal philosopher,
secure in her ineffable sweetness.

I need not ask if you know the Sour
Lady. She makes your acquaintance
so often, there are so many of her,
poor souls! Like the viper which in its
agony bites itself to death, the Sour
Lady literally acidulates her existence
by her bitter attitude. The pathetic
droop of her mouth, the fretful wrinkle
of her brow, the tuneless laugh and the
mirthless smile are the marks of the
Sour Lady which you meet every day.
It may be ill-health and ignorance of
healing ways that all her; it may be
unsatisfied sentiment or unachieved
ambition, or kindness abused or confi-
dence broken, or sorrows ill-met and
unaccepted that have turned her na-
ture sour. She will bite you and sting
you, and suffer in doing so, if not bod-
ily or mentally, yet in that deeper soul
way that is so much more disastrous
and important. The Sour Lady some-
times adores the Sweet Lady, binding
unutterable burdens and laying them
upon those easy shoulders, from which
they slide and fall into oblivion, leav-
ing her fretful wounds in the warmth
and healing of that other nature, and
maybe meekly allowing that its way
is best, maybe, after long conflict,
learning to walk in it. But only once
in a blue moon!

In a moment of carelessness I prom-
ised a friend that for this May meet-
ing I would eschew the seductive hat-
pool and sternly refrain from placing
the worthy dimes, quarters and dollar
bills at the back of my opinion in
her selfishness. It is not a matter of the
least moment to me which bit of money
is on the race, so long as it backs one
particular horse, so long as I own a
"skate" which I can abuse and decry,
and then rapaciously find a winner, or
a lovely, showy, capering beastie which
I can call "my horse" and gloat over
until he goes to bits on the home
stretch. This makes the fun and in-
terest of the races. Men will tell you
such is impossible; that women are
born gamblers, and that betting, even
of dimes and quarters, demoralizes
them; that they hate the other woman
who wins, and are detested when they
pocket the dangerous twenty-five-cent
pool! They say: "Oh, you horrid
thing!" when the winner goes by, but
it's their way of congratulation, and
they run all over the lawn and tell
anyone who will listen whenever they
rake in a dollar seventy-five, and are
delightfully fun and absurd about it.
I know they do, because (whisper) I do
it every time. But my friend was closed
down not only on betting, but on races,
and read me a sort of apostolic Riot
Act that reduced me to ashes, until, to
save myself from blowing away, I rashly
cried out that given a surcease
of eloquence I wouldn't bet. The
friend was quite jubilant over my sur-
render, with a half-expressed doubt of
its sincerity, but it was genuine. Don't
ever, any of you, be inveigled into do-
ing likewise, unless you have justified
yourself by reckless plunging or feel
that you shall put up unauthorized
wealth. I tried naming the winner as
a distraction from the refusal of

"draws," side wagers and "dares" of
various sorts. My horse won every
time, but it was a hollow victory for
me. Who cared, so long as they had
not to pay me for my insight? What
did I care, when I couldn't jovially
gather in my dollar and spend it with
my victim on weird-flavored tea and
attenuated bread and butter, those
things we women enjoy so thoroughly
after we have won our one-seventy-
five pools? I got cross at the weather,
cross at the glad clothes, the surging,
billowing, flaunting, parti-colored
crowd, the good hats and the bad hats
of the men, the very loveliness of the
outlook, green meadow, blue lake,
drifts of sweet, white cloudlets in an
azure sky. I got simply savage, and
all because that zealous good man
person had taken advantage of his office
and his dislike to sermons to bind me
in a promise that spoiled my pleasure
for nine long days. Never, never will
he catch me thus again!

Did you ever try cultivating a single
species of flower for one whole sum-
mer and getting thoroughly acquainted
with it? It is quite an interesting ex-
periment. Last year I had only ferns
and grasses. Another summer, which
some of my readers will remember, I
had pansies, by far the cutest and
most responsive of blooms. I had also
a flaring, hot, rather vulgar summer
of red geraniums. I felt very nouveau-
riche that summer, because my chief
pleasure in the geraniums was the ap-
plause of the neighborhood. Another
summer, which has also a "common"
sort of memory, was a petunia craze.
How they straggled and lolled, and ex-
uberated those purple and pinky
white, homely blossoms, like ugly,
common, good-natured gossip, whose
large-heartedness condones many a
shortage! I think perhaps the most
delicious summer was the heliotrope
one, when the house was saturated
with their perfume, and the window-
boxes were all a bower of crisp, crinkly
green and soft, odoriferous clusters of
pale and deep lavender. I got rather a
smart summer bloom, with a pungent
odor that refreshed, from an epidemic
of jaranas. They varied delightfully
in brilliant orange, pale yellow, bricky
red and indefinite pink, but their
memory isn't so vivid as that of their
perfumed blooms. This year I am
thinking of yellow-golden for the cor-
onation, when my window-boxes may
be over-run with stone crop, and cow-
slips, and musk, and laburnum, and
golden-weed, portulaca, with nastur-
tiums and zinnias later on.

"Watchman, what of the night?"
The day we know, and its work and joy
and busy ways, but some time will see
the end of it all, and there is, out on
the night, and beyond, the night.
The night will be lonely, if we haven't
found companionship betimes between
the divine in us and the divine elec-
where. It seems sometimes that nothing
can exceed the pathos of the way
of the living when they will find
the way of the dead? And it is, above
all things, queer and stupid beyond
believing how so many wise men dis-
courage contemplation of that which
inevitably leads to each of us. If you
don't believe me, just try to start a
conversation about what we shall hope
to do or be after our lids are closed
and our hands folded upon present
conditions for the last time. If you are
not jeered at or shrieked at or given a
frosty stare and sunk or suffocated
with lame platitudes, you've been
very fortunate in the choice of your
companions.

Modern English.

A Washington lady who is so fond
of her home that she stays in it some-
times all the year round was assailed,
says "Lippincott's Magazine," by a
conventional friend in conventional
language.
"I knew that you usually wintered
here," she said, "but I was astonished
to hear that you had summered here!"
"I have not only wintered here and
summered here," replied the unfash-
ionable one, "but I will astonish you still
further when I tell you that I always
live here and have sometimes sprung
here."

"I left my husband's death notice
here this morning," said the widow.
"Yes," said the bright clerk in the pub-
lishing office of the "Daily Squib."
"Now, I want to add 'Gone to Rest'
in an appropriate place." "Yes, ma-
dam," replied the bright clerk, and
the next morning she read: "Gone to
rest in an appropriate place."—Phila-
delphia "Press."

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circumstances. Correspondents need not take
up their own and the Editor's time by writing
reminders and requests for haste. 3. Quota-
tions, sermons, or postal cards are not studied.
4. Please address Correspondence Column.
Enclosures unless accompanied by Coupons
are not studied.

Molly—Poor little lonely maid in the
big city. I can quite fancy what made
you write. And be sure and write again
and ask all those questions. Your de-
votion must wait its proper turn. Cour-
age, little woman; there's a lot of good
material in your make-up.

Prunes—It is rather a half-baked sort
of specimen. I'll just tell you how
mean it would be to criticize it seriously.
Suppose you'd mixed a delicious cake and
put it in the oven and some one should
take it out when it was just half cooked
and try it and taste it and say it was
a failure? How unfair! Just so it is to
try and delineate an undeveloped hand-
writing. You have a good deal of vitality,
power and self-assertion, and rather
enjoy the praise of your friends. There
is a tendency to insincerity and posing
in detail, but not very finished method.
Some of what is said to Prunes would
suit you.

Shamrock—Your letter of March 15th
is rather hard to decipher, as it is writ-
ten on grey paper and the ink is not of
the blackest. I'd rather have had it
finger and clearer. There is clear
thought and good reason, tenacity, affec-
tion, some susceptibility and ability to
adapt yourself to surroundings with great
detail, but not very finished method.
Some of what is said to Prunes would
suit you.

Dundas—Let us agree to disagree,
then, old chap. The very nice way in
which you state your case creates a
friendly atmosphere. Your writing
shows a strong will and love to dominate,
some conviction, and a rather
practical nature. A very quick, out-
spoken, and possibly sensitive person, not
remarking perceptive, and more likely
to help practically than to sympathize
emotionally. It's a good, strong study,
not very cultured nor sentimental, and
apt to lack reserve and caution.

A queer girl—Lots of people have
exactly your difficulty. If you develop
a strain of philosophy and let feeling
alone a bit it would make life easier for
you. Just learn to say "It is of very
little consequence how people affect you."
Life is large, and there is room for all
of us to get about, if we are reasonable.
Don't dwell too much on sympathy and
influence. Sometimes it makes one un-
duly and morbidly sensitive. As for
showing the same feeling toward people
who are not in sympathy with you, as
toward congenial friends, don't be so
false as to consider it. Just keep before
you a scrap of philosophy and reserve
feeling for those you enjoy loving. Your
study shows the restless and uneasy
mind, and at the same time bright gifts
and quick perception. You are a nervous,
sympathetic, sweet-tempered, careful of
detail, and need thought and discipline.

Contrite—Please do not mention it.
You take it quite too seriously. I never
gave the occurrence a second thought.
The blessing of a very full and busy life
is that one cannot brood over small mat-
ters. I mark your comments approvingly,
but yours are too severe. You are a
very often a girl desires to amuse and en-
tertain, and not having the experience and
expression to do so intellectually, tries
cheap smutiness is applauded by some
kind and thoughtless soul, and continues
long enough to form a vulgar manner,
loud or critical, as the case may be.
This should be deplored by better bred
persons, and the worthy impulse of her
beginning never lost sight of. If only
clever sympathetic and dominant persons
like you would go to the root of many
things in this manner, how you could
rid and bless the mistaken but well-
meaning girls you criticize.

A Subscriber—Don't you think "for-
sme time passed I have been de-
sireous" is rather a "bad spell" to start
with? You are generous in your ideas
and full of hope, vitality, cheer and
while a bit cautious, the reverse of a
timid or mistrustful of self. There is a
good deal of display and love of applause
suggested, business ability and ambition
to rise. Writer has no lack of nerve and
thinks clearly and logically. The de-
cision and purpose are a bit wavering at
times, and some of her suggestions of
youth appear. The inspiration is largely
materialistic, but the hand promising.

Impulse, Brockville—Refinement, good
sense, feminine impulse, firm will and
rather a desire to rule are shown, with
discretion, businesslike methods and ex-
ceedingly clear and logical thought, with
some tenacity and a good deal of trust
in your fellows. Perhaps it would be
well for you to be less frank in speech,
though with a well-meaning, pleasant
and conscientious person such as you,
your frankness will never be malicious.
There isn't much inspiration nor inde-
pendent enterprise shown. It is a lady-
like rather than an aggressive study.

Loyalty—I hope you are ready to eat
your words, my good critic, when you
note how many were ready to go to
South Africa a second time. True, there
were many to whom war and its horrors,
not to mention hardships, were a revela-
tion too awful to be lightly undertaken
a second time. Men aren't all alike, any
more than women. Your birthday
brings you under Capricornus, the goat,
and the most arrogant and unsympa-
thetic critics in the world develop from
a badly inspired "goat." You have
many graces and a lot of plausibility, a
persistent train of thought, and the
faculty of rubbing it in. You don't
yearn for power, are fond of pretty
things, pleasant enterprises, and dislike

the least inconsistency or unconven-
tionality. At the same time you don't
measure to others more than you mete
to yourself. I think you might easily
be less earnest in that respect.

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The Hon. James Young of Galt, one time Provincial Treasurer of Ontario, and for nearly twelve years previous to that a prominent member of the Dominion Parliament, has for some time been engaged in the preparation of a work somewhat after the model of McCarthy's "History of Our Own Times," and embodying the recollections of the years in which, as interested spectator or active participant, he was engaged in public life. The first volume has already been completed, and is now in course of issue by William Briggs. Mr. Young has entitled his work "Public Men and Public Life in Canada." The narrative of events begins with the year 1823, when he issued the first number of the Galt "Reformer," of which he was editor and proprietor for ten years. He was then, he writes, "a youth of eighteen, brimful of enthusiasm for everything connected with the press and public life, which was tinged with a colour de rose so deep and fascinating that, although rather dim and faded now, it has not entirely vanished, notwithstanding all the varied vicissitudes which bridge the chasm between that period and the present." The period covered by the present volume, which closes with the consummation of Confederation in 1867, was one of the most momentous and eventful in Canadian history. In his recital the author lives over again the scenes of those early years, and gives to the reader a story of absorbing interest. There were giants in those days. In the exciting political contests of the pre-Confederation era, such men as Hincks, George Brown, John A. and John Sandfield Macdonald, William Lyon Mackenzie, Dorion, Cartier, Galt, Holton, Sciotte, Alexander Mackenzie, McKellar, Foley, Howland, D'Arcy McGee, Morin, Tache, Macdougall, and others whose names are writ large in Canadian annals, participated, and by force of intellect lifted the parliamentary debates of the period to a very high level. Sir Oliver Mowat was then a young man, winning his spurs, gaining marked distinction by the possession of abilities of a high order. The narrative, which is by no means confined to political matters, abounds in personal incident and anecdote, is enlivened by humor, and in its recital reveals the easy, easy style of the practised journalist. Interesting pen-portraits and glimpses of the inner history of the men and the times are given, peeps behind the scenes, so to speak. The work, at the same time, possesses a dramatic unity as describing the events leading to Confederation (of which it forms, indeed, a compact history), and traces most interestingly the course of the struggle for constitutional government. Many passages, particularly those describing the political battles of the Hon. George Brown and Sir John A. Macdonald, and their final patriotic union in the famous Coalition Government of 1864, to effect the Confederation of British North America, are as thrilling as a romance, and will be extensively read. The volume will be embellished by a number of portraits and illustrations, and will be attractively printed and bound.

In his new novel, "The Kentons," Mr. Howells follows the fortunes of a well-to-do family of the Middle West, as they betake themselves first to New York and then to the Continent, to shake off the influence of an undesirable lover of the oldest daughter. The alternations of despair and chagrin in the girl's mood, with their reflection in her mother's, are depicted with characteristic subtlety; the new interest which is to drive out the old appears in the form of a radical young preacher—the leader of a sort of forlorn hope in the Divine goodness—who is cleverly sketched; and the poet good sense of the younger sister and the romantic crudities of the fourteen-year-old brother are in amusing contrast. But the old judge himself—homesick for his garden, his library, and his comrades of the Grand Army—is really the central figure.

It is said that the late Cardinal Manning, who was a master of English style, used to read Miss Austen's "Mansfield Park" once a year for the sake of the English.

As some books are to be read in pretty rooms, or by an open fire, so "The Lady Paramount" (Toronto: William Briggs) is to be read only on a warm day, lying in a hammock, half-awake, half-asleep, wholly comfortable. There is no promise in Henry Harland's work; his new book is "The Cardinal's Snuff-Box" remodeled, and for the worse—the same phrases; the same situations, the same people (with different names) appear. The hero has

been made over into two personages, an insipid young English squire, given to melancholy, and his man of affairs, the fatuous, the gushing Adrian. The entrancing Duchess of the Snuff-Box is turned into the entrancing Countessa. One wonders will his next book not have an entrancing Marquessa? The slight plot is furnished through the Countessa's determination to marry her English cousin, Anthony Crawford, who is the rightful heir of her estates, although legally they belong to her. The Countessa goes to England incognito and takes a house on her cousin's estate. As a matter of course the only thing Anthony can do is to fall in love, which he very promptly does. Happy accidents are meted out generously; the sea is always blue silk and the sky always blue velvet. Occasionally there comes a pretty description, "where the day was murmurous with the humming of bees, and the mingled sweetness of many flowers rose and fell in the air."

Bird scenes appear to be to Mr. Harland's taste. One appears in "The Cardinal's Snuff-Box," where the Duchess is found feeding birds in her Italian garden, and no less than three appear in "The Lady Paramount"—one in a rose where the Countessa croons the birds to her with soft Italian words.

Even with the protracted speeches, for which the author occasionally apologizes, and Adrian's effusiveness, as it is, may be tolerated through an idle summer hour.

Alfred Austin, poet laureate, has dedicated the American edition of his latest volume of verse, "A Tale of True Love and Other Poems," to President Roosevelt, in these words:

"To one even more distinguished for his personal qualities than for his political position, lofty though it be, Theodore Roosevelt, I inscribe this volume, with deep admiration and respect."



MASTER W. CAMPBELL WEEKS.
Nine years of age.

The above portrait represents one of the most talented of Canadian children, Master W. Campbell Weeks. He is by no means a prodigy, being a well-developed child otherwise, aside from his native musical ability. His manipulation of the violin reveals superior talent, susceptible to a very high degree of artistic development. Quite unconscious of his talent, he retains the naturalness and simplicity of childhood in his style and bearing at all times. He celebrated his ninth anniversary on November 20, 1901. Following his debut at Massey Hall last May, on the occasion of the annual concert of the Broadview Battalion, a leading daily remarked: "Master W. Campbell Weeks, with a violin as long as himself, played with the skill of a master." Campbell will appear in Massey Hall at the annual concert of the Broadview Boys' Institute, on Tuesday evening of next week, June 3, together with such talented boy artists as Frank Clegg, George Crawford and Jimmie Gardener—all of whom are members of this unique Toronto Boys' Club—and over 300 other boys.

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How Anonymous Letter-Writers Are Traced.

OBSERVATION, comparison and certain natural gifts which cannot be acquired go to the making of a successful handwriting expert, remarked one of that limited fraternity to the writer, and the knowledge when once gained is almost as exact in its operations as any classified science, says "The Bits." No matter how cleverly a man may seek to disguise his calligraphy the identity thereof will, save in the most exceptional cases, be apparent to the expert, because there are invariably certain rudimentary outlines that remain fixed and unchanged in spite of all attempts to transfigure them.

The majority of people are wont to believe that members of my profession are employed only in forgery cases. This is quite an erroneous impression, as the larger part of our work is devoted to the detection of those pests of society—the anonymous letter-writers. Our usual mode of working is based on the following lines: Assume that Mrs. X— has received an anonymous communication of a libellous nature, the origin of which she is unable to trace. The expert whom she summons to her assistance will ask her for specimens of the handwriting of all those persons whom she has the slightest reason for suspecting of the deed in question. He will then carefully compare the calligraphy upon the missive with the handwriting contained in the other documents, and by such means he will nearly always arrive at an accurate conclusion regarding the authorship of the unsigned epistle. I remember that on one occasion a

lady, whom I will style as Mrs. L—, was much overcome by the receipt of an anonymous letter wherein certain scandalous charges were formulated against her husband, a man of the highest character. When asked to help her in tracing the writer I followed the usual routine by demanding specimens of the writings of suspected persons. On such specimens being handed to me I absolutely failed to discover any clue, and I thereupon requested that Mrs. L— should allow me to inspect the writing of the persons whom she did not suspect. This she did, and in five minutes' time I had decided, beyond all doubt, that the author of the libel was a Miss M—, a young lady whom Mrs. L— had believed to be her most devoted friend. Further investigations proved that my conclusion was correct, but the affair was hushed up for family reasons.

There are certain little tricks adopted by nearly all persons who desire to disguise their handwriting, and the knowledge of these tricks often leads to detection. For instance, a man who is in the habit of writing his words very close together will run to the opposite extreme when he wishes to remain unknown, and will accordingly leave huge gaps between each word. Again, other anonymous correspondents will adopt a "back-hand" method of calligraphy, but any expert who really understands his business can immediately determine the normal style of writing from a brief inspection of the inverted method—which of all disguises is the simplest to unmask.

The most difficult disguise, on the other hand, which we experts are called upon to pierce is the "printed letter" device, but even this may be traced to its proper origin by means of a little care and study. The very curves in the printed capitals will tell their own story, and will show a certain likeness to the curves in the ordinary handwriting of the person concerned. In fact, the only absolutely successful anonymous letter-writer is the individual who employs a type-writer for the purpose, and it is a fortunate thing for gentlemen of my profession that the machine in question is very rarely used in such connection, for were such the case our occupation, like Othello's, would be gone.

One of the most powerful clues in our possession is the dotting of the "i's" in anonymous communications. No matter how elaborately a correspondent may alter his hand, he will nearly always dot the "i" in exactly the same position, and thus by comparative measurements we can trace the identity of the writer. One man will place the dot immediately over the letter, another will place it one-twelfth of an inch to the right or to the left, and so on. Instinctive habit invariably locates the dot in question in the same position—a fact which is probably unknown to all save those who have made a deep study of the ethics of handwriting.

Perhaps one of the most curious cases that I ever encountered was that which took place some ten years ago, when I was summoned by a wealthy merchant to trace the origin of an anonymous letter demanding a large sum of money under threats. Having obtained specimens of the writing of all those persons whom my client had reason of suspecting, I made a rigid examination thereof, but was unable to trace the culprit. It was only when the merchant's son wrote, at his father's request, a check in payment of my unsuccessful labors that I discovered the blackmailer, who was no other than the son himself. A full confession followed, which proves that my instantaneous theory had been only too correct.

Sparrow Housekeeping.

HAVE you ever watched a pair of sparrows when first the house-hunting and building mania comes upon them? How stupidly busy they are, especially the cock, and what a tremendous lot he has to say! As a matter of fact, his missus does all the real work, and he supplies all the theory, which she consistently disregards.

Not that Mrs. Sparrow works impetuously, as though time permitted of no deliberation. On the contrary, she uses the greatest deliberation in the performance of every action, however trivial. Watch her when she is considering the eligibility of, let us say, a



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It purifies the blood, keeps the head clear and stomach sweet.

A positive cure for chronic constipation.

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bit of string which she has found in the garden path, as material to be used in the building of a nest over which she is busy. First she will sit upon a gooseberry twig a yard or two away and inspect that morsel of string from the south-east.

Then she will flit over to the apple tree close by and study it from the north-west. Then she will examine it from other points of the compass. At last she will hop up to it and pull it about—apparently accepting it, but rejecting it again, still uncertain as to its suitability for some purpose exactly defined in her foolish little mind. At last she will decide to use it, and, seizing it, she will fly up to her nest with the treasure; but, vacillating once again, she drops it at the very threshold, and sits upon the roof a little while, eyeing it and chattering, explaining to her lord, perhaps, that it would have done well enough if it had been longer or shorter, or thicker or thinner, or heaven knows what. Finally she will flit down and carry it away to use, and behold! to-morrow she has turned it out once more, and it lies upon the garden path a rejected thing. Not for long, however, for either she herself or some other bird has removed it next time one looks for the much considered scrap.

That concocted and self-assertive little person, her lord and master, is far less deliberate in his actions. He is more certain of himself, being convinced that he knows everything, and that to consider and weigh and deliberate is a waste of time.

He is anxious to help with the nest-making, and holds forth without ceasing while his lady builds. Occasionally he lends a hand. He catches sight of a straw, it may be, or a small piece of stick, and it occurs to him that here is the very thing his foolish wife has sought for days and failed to find. What does not occur to him is that he is a garrulous old incompetent, and knows no more about nest-building than he does about the laying of eggs. His wife knows all about him, however, and the straw is turned out of the nest again as soon as his back is turned. He has probably placed it in some impossible position, and—after explaining what a marvelous fellow he is, and what a treasure he has brought up in the way of building material—departed, forgetting all about the matter in a moment or two. Even when he sees that straw lying upon the garden path, so conceited is he that he does not recognize it, because he cannot contemplate the possibility of its rejection by the missus. He thinks he has found another treasure. "There," says he, dumping it down by her side as she sits resting, perhaps laying a little egg, in the semi-completed nest; "there's another splendid straw; how is it you don't come across them? I can find them whenever I like!"—"Longman's Magazine."

Two Letters.

They Prove the Permanency of Cures by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

Over Six Years Have Gone by, and This Cure Still Stands—Only One of Many Such Cases.

St. Mary's Ferry, N.B., May 26.—(Special).—Mr. Thomas Harrison of this place has addressed two significant letters to the Dadds Medicine Company, Toronto.

The First One.

St. Mary's Ferry, Dec. 18, 1895. Gentlemen—

I feel it my duty to you and to the public at large to tell what Dodd's Kidney Pills have done for me.

About one year ago I began to suffer with severe pains over the region of my kidneys, followed by a very lethargic feeling.

When I lay down it was torture to get up again.

This state continued for some time, and all the while I was still getting weaker and losing flesh rapidly.

My appetite was very much impaired, and at last I was obliged to call in a physician.

He gave my sufferings a very learned name, and doctored me for some time, but I got no better.

I called in several other physicians, but it was all no use; my sufferings got worse all the time until I began to despair of life.

A friend advised me to use Dodd's Kidney Pills. I was very skeptical, but was prevailed on to commence a treatment; the first box made me feel some better.

I passed a stone that had formed in the bladder.

I continued the use of Dodd's Kidney Pills until I had used three boxes, and now believe that I have a radical and complete cure, as it is six months since I used any of the Pills, and have had no symptoms or return of the malady.

I know that my cure is due to Dodd's Kidney Pills, as I used no other medicine after commencing their use.

Yours truly,

THOMAS HARRISON.

The Second One.

St. Mary's Ferry, N.B., Mar. 24, 1902. Gentlemen—

What I said in 1895 I can at this moment most emphatically substantiate. I have never had the slightest symptom of a return of my old trouble.

Yours truly,

THOMAS HARRISON.

Kismet.

TWO men lived together: one was timid, the other bold. Said the timid one: "Really, life grows more and more dangerous. To-day it is an explosion, to-morrow a fire, the third day a hurricane. One dare not travel on a train for fear of collisions, nor is it safe to go afoot for fear of motor cars. I am going to give up going outdoors."

But his friend said: "How differently are we constituted! You are in love with life and fear danger. Now, I do not fear peril of any kind, and as for life, it is not worth a rush to me. In fact, I made up my mind this morning that I would go over Niagara Falls in a barrel."

At this the other shuddered and said: "But you will go to certain death."

"And if I do I but follow the example of all who have preceded me since Adam. This certain death is almost as

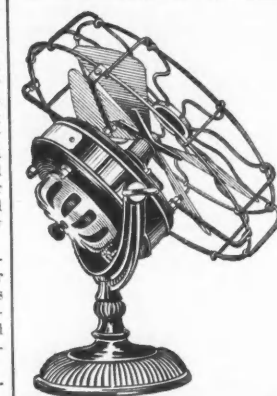
WE CARE NOT

what you buy or where you buy it, you will never get the equal of

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Ceylon Tea. It has drawing qualities, flavor and value unequalled by any other Tea in the World.

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IT'S THE WAGE-EARNER'S COMFORT, FOR HE IS PROPERLY AND ECONOMICALLY NOURISHED.

There are no bills for yeast, baking powder, soda, cream of tartar, for it is already light, no lard bills to pay, for it is already short, no medicine bills, for Shredded Wheat is natural food. Its use insures natural health.

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old as the hills. Farewell. I go to order my barrel."

When the venturesome one had gone the timid one prepared for his life indoors. He made fast the doors and caused sheeting of tin to be put over the windows so that no sudden explosion could break the glass and kill him in his room. This left him without light, but he did not dare use a candle or a lamp for fear an earthquake might upset it. Life in the dark was not altogether a joy, but he had the company of his thoughts and they were pleasant, for he had not always been so timid.

After a few hours he became accustomed to the half-light and was able to prepare his meals. Every day fruit and milk and bread were let down his chimney.

Meanwhile the venturesome one ordered his barrel, and when it was made he went to Niagara and paid an idiot one dollar to roll him into the river. And after he had packed himself in he glanced at the sky and the earth and the water with a suspicion of regret, and then in a firm voice he bade the idiot put on the cover and roll him in. And the idiot did as he was asked and went into town to spend his dollar.

And over the Falls of Niagara went the barrel, and a few minutes later, still intact, it floated into a cove and the venturesome one broke his way out, somewhat jarred but able to be about.

The passage of the Falls had given him a certain joy in life, and it was with altogether different feelings that

he returned to his home. No one but the idiot knew of his deed, but he did not care for that. If he had died that would have been the end. Now that he lived he would be able to show his friend that the most dangerous place in the world was not necessarily the home of death.

He was amazed to find the house tinned up and locked, and when his knocks on the front door brought no response he called to the timid one that he was no burglar, but his friend, safe home from his passage of the Falls of Niagara.

"Come, let me in and I shall tell you what my feelings were as I went over."

But there was no response, so at last he put his shoulder to the front door and strove it in.

And he found that his timid friend had choked to death on a crust of bread.—Charles Battell Loomis.

"Do you think he would be a success in politics?" "Yes, indeed. Way, he has thoroughly mastered the knack of looking interested when he is being bored."—Chicago "Post."

Mistress—Now, Bridget, how often have I cautioned you against breaking the ninth commandment? Bridget—Indeed, mum, an' I guess it must 'a' been the cat done it.—"Smart Set."

"If any one asks for me, James, I shall be back in ten minutes," said Mr. Fosdick. "Yes, sort," replied the Irish office boy; "and how soon will you be back if no one asks for you?"

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Why not have one that is stylish, elegant and yet durable, rather than one that is ragged and untidy? You can make your skirt edge an object of admiration if your skirt is bound with

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S.H.&M.

on the back of Bias Velveteen or Brush Edge Skirt Bindings they are not the best.



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THE so-called "Westminster Abbey" Choir glee and concert party gave a farewell concert in Massey Hall last Saturday evening. The attendance was considerably smaller than on the occasion of the previous concert. As I have stated before in this column, a whole programme of English glees, madrigals and part songs, rendered with the syrupy placidity which distinguishes the performances of the choir, is apt to become cloying and monotonous, and to leave one in a more or less critical mood. The boys and gentlemen of the party, it must be confessed, sing with invariable sweetness and in excellent harmony, but I for one prefer to have a little more life and spirit put into the music. However, the audiences have been very appreciative, and at the farewell programme numbers were encored almost from beginning to the end. The managers of the organization made extravagant pretensions in advance of its appearances. The boy singers were heralded as the finest boy sopranos in England. This is a claim that will stand a lot of discounting. Indeed, it has been doubted whether the boys can be considered as belonging to the Westminster Abbey Choir. I am informed the boy singers of the Abbey are not allowed to take concert engagements, but I should like to have an authoritative statement in regard to this before commenting on the advertising methods adopted in reference to these concerts.

Sousa and his band reappeared at Massey Hall on Wednesday evening of last week, before an audience that packed the auditorium. The programme was not up to the standard of those of the earlier concerts given by the band in this city, when Wagner, Beethoven, Weber, Liszt, and other great composers were represented. Commonplace selections, like Ziehrer's waltz, "The Night Owls," and Sousa's march, "Imperial Edward," dedicated to the King, were found on the programme, and the encores were much of the "nigger" and two-step order. Not a single composition of any serious intentions was given. Sullivan's overture, "Di Ballo," introduced for the first time, is a clever piece of orchestration, but as the title indicates, it is founded on dance themes, and the dance motives have no special distinction. The two movements from Delibes's suite, "Sylvia," are, of course, charming specimens of their genre, and the Bourree and Gigue by German from the "Much Ado About Nothing" incidental music, are felicitous in style and ably handled, but there was nothing in the scheme grand or inspiring. Owing to the nature of the programme it would be difficult to say whether the band play as well as they did some years ago. The soloists were Miss Lucille Jocelyn, a light soprano of pleasing gifts, and Miss Marguerite de Fritsch, a talented violinist, both of whom were well received. The concert on the whole was a disappointment to a substantial minority of the audience. As for the remainder, the commoner the music was the more enthusiastically they applauded.

On Monday evening a piano and vocal recital was given at the Toronto College of Music by Miss Mamie McDonald of Barrie and Miss Mignon Duke of Vancouver, B.C., both pupils of F. H. Torrington. The hall was well filled by an appreciative audience. The pianist, Miss McDonald, rendered a fine programme, which comprised the following numbers: Beethoven, "Sonata," op. 27; Henselt, "Berceuse," Slindig, "Frühlingstraumchen;" Paradies, "Toccata;" Henselt, "Oiseau Fatale;" Chopin, "Berceuse;" D. flat; Chopin, "Nocturne," op. 9, No. 2; Chopin, "Polonaise," op. 26, No. 1; Chopin, "Nocturne," op. 2, No. 30; Wieniawski, "Valse de Concert." Though very young, Miss McDonald displayed musical temperament and ability, which showed particularly in the Chopin numbers. A certain repose and beautiful touch make her playing most enjoyable. Her efforts were enthusiastically applauded. The vocal debutante, Miss Mignon Duke, showed a well-developed voice of range and dramatic power and her programme numbers, selected accordingly, comprised numbers by Mendelssohn, Campion, Gounod, Alhtsen, Mascheroni and Donizetti. Both these young pupils are decidedly talented, and no doubt will give evidence of progressive work in the future.

Mr. Frank Austen's farewell piano recital on Monday evening previous to his departure for the continuance of his studies in Berlin, Germany, was very largely attended, and the young pianist was very successful in his various numbers. Mr. Austen has spent some time under the instruction of Mr. Tripp, and leaves well equipped musically and technically for the absorption of ideas in the land where so much music of all kinds is to be heard. Mr. Austen's progress will be watched with interest in the expectation that he will realize the highest hopes of his many friends. Pleasing variety to the programme was afforded by the singing of Miss Jaffray and Mr. Chrystal Brown, who both acquitted themselves with distinction.

The University of Trinity College has decided to confer the degree of Doctor of Music upon Mr. J. Humphrey Anger, honoris causa. Mr. Anger is to be congratulated upon the recognition that his long services in the cause of theatrical music in this city have received.

Music will be a feature of the Coronation service in St. James' Cathedral on June 26. Handel's "Hallelujah" Chorus, Dr. V. Roberts' festival "Te Deum," and Dr. Ham's "Coronation Anthem" will be among the selections, which will be given with accompaniment of organ, strings, brass instruments and drums. Herr Klingenfied will lead the violins, Mr. Anger will be at the organ, and Dr.

Ham will conduct. It may be mentioned that Dr. Ham has received congratulatory letters in reference to his anthem from His Majesty the King, the Prince of Wales, Lord Strathcona, Sir Frederick Bridge of Westminster Abbey, and many other distinguished people.

A new organization for the performance in public of classical chamber music has been formed with the name of the Schumann Trio, consisting of Messrs. J. D. A. Tripp, piano; Frank Blachford, violin, and Mr. Saunders, violoncello.

The recent concert of St. Anne's Church Choral Society in Association Hall, under the direction of Mr. H. F. Strickland, has elicited many expressions of warm praise from both the daily press and musicians. Rev. Father Davenport, who has had a good deal of experience in musical matters in England, has sent Mr. Strickland a letter of cordial congratulation, in which he speaks specially favorably of the work of the orchestra. The programme was divided into two parts, the first consisting of vocal selections contributed by Mrs. W. T. Gray, Mr. J. F. Edmonson, and Mr. Edward Barton, the well-known baritone, all of whom rendered their numbers effectively. Mr. Barton, by his finished singing, took the largest share of the honors. The second part was devoted to the cantata, "Daughter of Jairus," by Stainer, which was given with full orchestral accompaniment and received a careful interpretation worthy of much praise. The solo part was sung by Mr. Edward Barton, Miss Louise Cochrane, soprano, of New York, and Mr. Victor Hutchison, principal tenor of Jarvis Street Baptist Church, all of whom were in excellent form. The orchestra was composed of professional musicians, and in consequence they were listened to with pleasure. In addition to the accompaniments, they gave Schubert's overture to "Rosamunde" and the first movement of the same composer's "Unfinished Symphony." The concert as a whole was most creditable, and gave evidence of skilful work on the part of the director. It is stated that the society will next season give a more important public performance, and steps are being taken to reorganize the society on a larger basis, so that the West End may expect before long to have a first-class choral society of some magnitude.

Miss Helen M. Grasett, a talented pupil of Mr. Frank S. Welsman, will give a piano recital in the College of Music Hall on Monday evening next. Miss Grasett will have the assistance of Miss Claire Hungerford, soprano; Mr. Paul Hahn, cello, and Mr. F. C. Smith, violin. Mr. Welsman announces another recital to be given in the Normal School Hall on Monday, June 3.

Marked interest attached to the recital given on Tuesday evening by piano pupils of Mr. W. O. Forsyth at the Metropolitan School of Music. This was attributable to an attractive programme and to the known fact that several performers of unusual talent and proficiency would be heard. The results warranted the interest shown, and seldom indeed may one hear students' work upon such a "finished" scale as was heard on this occasion by Mr. Forsyth's pupils, who were the Misses Helen Watkins, Helen Singer, Hazel Fegan, Anna Jeffrey, Mildred Pett, Maude Townsend, Myrtle Corcoran, and May Woolsey. Miss Ethel Wynn, (pupil of Miss Lillian Burns) gave two eloquent selections, in graceful style, and Miss Florence Kitchen, a pupil of Mr. Heinrich Klingenfied, also contributed most effectively to the enjoyment of the recital by her charming violin numbers.

The newly-organized Sherlock Entertainment Bureau appears to be meeting with favor, and already some of the best-known concert artists in Canada have registered on its books. Mr. Sherlock courts success by confining his membership to vocalists, instrumentalists, lecturers, etc., of widespread reputation. The prospectus of the bureau, a very handsome thing, will be issued shortly.

The Mendelssohn Choir of Toronto offers a prize of twelve guineas for the best original unaccompanied motette, or anthem, in six or eight parts, by the city's of Gounod's "Come into Him," Mendelssohn's "Judge Me, O God," or Tchaikowski's "Cherubim Song," No. 3, the competition to be open to all British musicians, including those of the colonies. The same society also offers a prize of fifty dollars for the best secular unaccompanied part-song for mixed voices, the competition to be open only to composers resident in Canada. A donation from Lord Strathcona, honorary patron of the society, has prompted the committee to offer these special prizes. The Mendelssohn Choir will retain all rights in the successful compositions, as to publication, presentation, and otherwise, until after the first public performance of the successful work by the chorus of the society, when said rights will be surrendered to the composers of the prize compositions. No composition previously published or performed will be eligible, and no award will be made if, in the opinion of the judges, the compositions submitted are not deemed to be of sufficient merit. Each composition should bear a motto, and along with it an envelope bearing the same motto outside, and containing the name and address of the composer. Compositions should reach the honorary secretary of the society, Mr. George H. D. Lee, Dominion Bank Chambers, on or before November 15 next. The adjudicators are Dr. Albert Ham, organist and choir director, St. James' Cathedral, Toronto; Mr. A. S. Vogt, conductor of the Mendelssohn Choir, and an eminent English musician, whose name will be announced at an early date.

A few weeks ago the celebrated Bohemian Quartette, consisting of Hoffmann, Suk, Nebdol and Wihan, gave its one-thousandth concert. It happened to be in Berlin; the hall was crowded, and the applause most enthusiastic. The "Allgemeine Musik-Zeitung" took this occasion to allude to the early struggles of these players for recognition. In Berlin, particularly, they were attacked with bitter animosity. The enemies finally agreed that the quartette did play Bohemian

music (Dvorak and Smetana) well, but that they were not equal to the German masters, especially Beethoven. Finally the public discovered that the critics were not telling the truth; and now there is not a more popular chamber music organization than the Bohemians.

On the subject of Brahms's "Swan Song," the London "Times" remarks: "How many organists in this country of organs and organ recitals play, or even know, Brahms's prelude on the choral 'O Traurigkeit,' or the great fugue in A flat major, which have been in existence many years? One never sees their titles on the numerous lists published each week. It is known that they date from Brahms's earlier period, and at the date of his death, five years ago. It was generally thought that they contained all that Brahms had to say on the organ. But since his death, and later, since his affairs have been settled by the Viennese Court of Chancery, it has transpired that probably the last work which Brahms wrote was for the organ, and the 'Vier ernste Gesänge' are now removed from their position as his 'Swan Song.' Certainly in the year before his death, Brahms led his more intimate associates to believe that these songs were to form his last work; and very carefully the two or three distinguished friends to whom, apparently, Brahms confided his secret kept faith with him; for it is only within the last few weeks that the fact became known of the existence of the 'Elf Choral-Vorspiele,' which Messrs. Simrock of Berlin and Berners Street have just published. Yet Dr. Heuberger at least knew in 1896 of their existence, for in a published extract from his diary of June 24, 1896, he refers specifically to the preludes. They are written on three staves, for organ. Two chorales, 'Herzlich thut mich verlangen' and 'Welt ich muss dich lassen'—are each treated twice; and here almost more than elsewhere is noticeable Brahms's remarkable facility in highly figurative counterpoint. In some respects the comparison of these variants of the same subject matter is the most interesting feature of the publication. But all the numbers are worthy of the most careful study. In them one seems to see the hand of Brahms writing the music of Bach, yet the individuality of Brahms is as clearly and emphatically impressed here as on any of his most characteristic works. Nos. 4, 7 and 8 (a lovely and masterly 'trifle'), are the Brahms of some of the later songs—and of the 'Deutsches Requiem'—full of flowing melody, sustained and dignified, and superb and rightly directed ingenuity. It is sincerely to be wished that organists will pay attention to this work, a most valuable addition to their repertory."

Mr. T. Alexander Davies and Mr. Percy Pascoe, A.T.C.M., have arranged an exchange of organs for June 15. Mr. Pascoe will preside at St. James' Square Church, while Mr. Davies goes to Knox Church, Woodstock.

CHEERUBINO.



REV. J. D. FREEMAN, M.A.
Mr. Freeman, who is the pastor of German Street Baptist Church, St. John, N.B., has been called to Bloor Street Baptist Church, Toronto. An effort is being made, also, by a Cleveland, O., congregation to secure his services, and the people of St. John are reported to be anxious to keep him there.

Bright Babies
Are a Joy to Mothers and a Treasure in the Home.

All babies should be bright, good-natured and well. If you have a child that is sickly, fretful, nervous, restless at night, or suffers from stomach or bowel troubles of any sort, give it Baby's Own Tablets and it will soon be well. There is no other medicine in the world so safely and speedily cures indigestion, sour stomach, colic, constipation, diarrhoea and teething troubles. Thousands of grateful mothers speak of this medicine in words of warmest praise. Mrs. Fred Power, 18 Seclair street, Toronto, says: "My baby suffered greatly from indigestion. She was pale and very thin, and would cry with pain in the stomach, and sometimes would not sleep either day or night. I got a box of Baby's Own Tablets, and they have made a great change in my little one. She now digests her food readily, is not troubled with the pain in the stomach, and has grown quite plump. I do not know of any medicine that can equal Baby's Own Tablets for little ones."

This medicine is guaranteed to contain neither opiate nor other harmful drugs. Children take the tablets as readily as candy, and, crushed to a powder, they can be given to the smallest, weakest baby. Sold at all drug stores, or sent postpaid at 25c a box, by addressing the Dr. Williams Medicine Company, Brockville, Ont., or Schenectady, N.Y.

Chauncey Dewey on Old Age.

At a recent dinner at the Montauk Club, Brooklyn, in honor of the sixtieth birthday of Chauncey M. Dewey, the popular New York Senator spoke on the subject of old men, or, rather, "the power of those who are classed as old men, whom the casual youth calls 'played out,' and no longer of any account." He said: "When I was twenty-one I thought a man of forty very old, and that he ought to retire. When I was forty, I thought a man of sixty had grown senile and worthless. When I got to be sixty I reversed my opinion, and thought that fifty and forty and thirty and twenty knew little of

the pleasures of existence and the utilization of cultivated power. The United States Senate is the most wonderful legislative body in the world. See the list of the seventies who have been many times re-elected: Allison, Morgan, Hoar, Platt, of Connecticut, Fry, Cullom, Vest, Hawley, Bates, Jones, of Nevada, Stewart, Proctor, Gibson, and Teller. No measure could pass which those Senators were unitedly opposed to, no measure could be defeated which they unitedly favored. And when you come to the sixties, and most of them nearer seventy than sixty, we have Hale, Platt, of New York, Quay, Cockrell, Mitchell, Millard, Gallinger, Hanna, Foster, McHenry, McMillan, Burrows, Blackburn, Perkins, Bacon, Money, Clark, Jones, Patterson, Elkins, Aldrich, Bard, Harris, and Daniel. These Senators, between sixty and eighty (and Pettus, the oldest, at eighty-one, is as vigorous as the youngest), are the ablest in the preparation of measures, keenest in the detection of flaws or mistakes in bills, foremost in debate, and more intellectually and uniformly alert to all that pertains to governing and the working of government than any other men in either branch of Congress. I might almost say they are the Congress of the United States."

St. Pierre.

The eyes of grizzled Time have not been dimmed. For full a thousand years a scene like this:—
"Amongst the disasters he has noted down Upon his fateful tablets, age by age, Not one is found for horror, loss and woe More dire than this calamity. All speech Of pen or tongue is paused utterly Before the task of telling what befell In those dread moments; human minds, appalled, Can only give the rein to frenzied thought, And picture Hell's overwhelming Paradise, To measure well within the bounds of truth The doom that fell and changed a fruitful isle Into a poisonous desert, whence have fled The dizzy inhabitants in multitudes. To starve if fellow-men befriended them not; The doom that fell and instantly transformed A busy city to a sepulchre. Draped for its thousands of unburied dead In midnight blackness of volcanic smoke! No call was e'er more piteous to the world, Nor can it find more sympathetic ear Than Canada's, nor readier heart and hand. Let generous and swift response attest Our country's love of boundless undeserved By us, more than this awful fate by them. Our brothers of the southern sea, whose Trembles unstable as its circling waves, A seeming morsel in the angry clutch Of giant powers that o'er it empty vaults Of deadly elements, while our fair land Is robed and crowned in Spring's magnificence. Secure and happy under heaven's smile, Since thus our diverse fortunes mark the span 'Twixt height of bliss and depth of misery. It well befits our nationhood to share The God-like work of world-wide charity: Proudly we have received; to freely give Were reasonable service."

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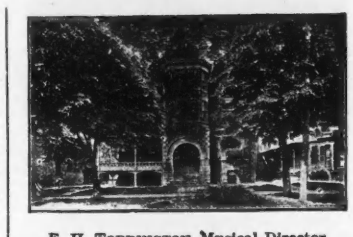
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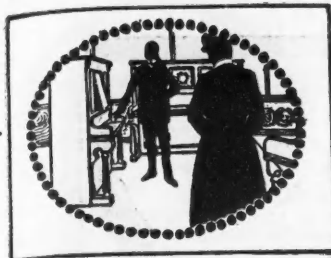
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Special 25 per cent. discount in the Ladies' Hat Department, which includes every summer line, excepting only the Panamas. The sale will only last for a day or two. The advantages will be great, so do not miss them.

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Social and Personal.

Mr. R. C. Matthews of Toronto has been elected president of the Harvard Canadian Club.

Mr. Robert F. Gagen has taken up residence at Center Island for the summer.

Mrs. Hiram Piper, Bernard avenue, left last week for Montreal, to visit Mr. Piper, where, in the near future, they hope to reside.

Mr. and Mrs. W. Hyslop of Toronto were among the passengers on the Dominion liner "Merion," which arrived in Boston last Saturday. Other Canadians on the "Merion" were Mr. H. J. Mudge, Miss K. E. Mudge and Miss E. N. Mudge of Montreal, and Miss L. E. Kenney of Halifax.

Invitations have been sent out to the marriage of Miss Hilda Richardson, the charming cellist, to Dr. J. F. Dawson of Spadina avenue. The ceremony will take place in All Saints' Church at 2 p.m. on June 11 next, and will be one of great interest to musical circles. The bride will be given away by Professor Torrington. Mr. Fairclough will preside at the organ, and the beautiful service will be brightened by special solos from some of Toronto's best artists, who have volunteered their services.

The marriage of Miss Edith A. B. Clougher to Mr. E. Barnard Nettlesfield will take place in Holy Trinity Church on Thursday, June 5, at half-past one o'clock.

Mrs. Stone Wiggins, Arbor House, Britannia Bay, Ottawa, gave a large and most enjoyable reception on Friday, in honor of Mrs. P. E. Bucke of London, Ont. The tables were artistically arranged and decorated with lilies of the valley and wood violets, and presided over by Mrs. Keating, Mrs. Kirkpatrick, Mrs. Fisher, Miss Lynch, Miss Christie and Miss Jones. Among those present were Mrs. Fielding and the Misses Fielding, Mrs. L. O. Macdonald, Lady Davies, Lady Strong, Mrs. Robert Cartwright, the Misses Cartwright and Miss Law, Mrs. Roper, Mrs. Helntz, Miss James, Mrs. and Miss Periera, Mrs. Graham, the Misses Holland, the Misses Hay, Mrs. and the Misses McGee, the Misses Burbridge, Miss Agnes Scott, Mrs. and Miss Wild, Mrs. Matthews, Mrs. Jamison, Mrs. McConnell, Mrs. Lampman, Mrs. Louis Bonnevillie, Mrs. Lewis Smith, Mrs. Hanner.

Mr. S. W. Copp, Rev. S. Daw of Hamilton, Mrs. Montgomery, Miss H. Montgomery, Mr. R. D. L. Gray, Miss Canniff, Mr. and Mrs. E. O. Anderson, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Gundy, Mr. A. W. Campbell, the Misses Richardson, Dr. and Mrs. W. Cecil Trotter, Mrs. W. C. Matthews, Miss Elsie Gray, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. A. Tripp, Mrs. Masten, Mrs. E. M. Chadwick, Mrs. Ffolkes, Miss Montgomery of Toronto, Miss McVicker, Mrs. John C. Devereux, Mr. John A. Devereux of Buffalo, Mrs. Frank Woods, Mrs. B. F. Smith of Baltimore, are recently registered at the Welland, St. Catharines.

"Just have the kindness to lose me until five o'clock, when you must take me for some tea," was the order given by a pretty married lady to her husband when they entered the members' lawn at half-past two on the holiday. "I don't mean to be disagreeable," she explained to an amused hearer, "but he doesn't need watching, and I don't appreciate it," and she was lost in a circle of women getting up hat-pools. At five o'clock hubby arrived with a smile of subdued triumph. "It shan't be tea, girls," he said, gaily. "I landed a good one—two dollars has won me eighty, and I'm going halves with you," and the way they laughed and divvied up was quite an idyll in its way.

The Board of Trade Banquet to the delegates to the conference of Boards of Trade of the Dominion of Canada, from Vancouver to Cape Breton, takes place next Thursday evening, in the Pavilion, which will be transformed into a banquet hall. The galleries are reserved for ladies and their escorts. The Highlanders' band, with their chorus, which achieved such an effect at Massey Hall on Tuesday evening, will provide music during the banquet. The Sault, the mining country, and the great railways will all be represented, and the Dominion and Provincial Premiers and Cabinets are other leading lights have been invited. Seats for the ladies and their escorts may be secured at Nordheimer's on Tuesday. The speeches will certainly be of great interest.

Lady Ruby Elliot, daughter of Lord and Lady Minto, is in town for examinations in music at the Toronto College of Music. Lady Ruby is a pupil of Miss Marie Elliott of Ottawa. In June, 1901, Lady Ruby passed an examination in theory most creditably at the College of Music, for which she was also prepared by Miss Elliott. The past year Lady Ruby has devoted herself to piano work only.

Mrs. and Miss Riddell of Spadina road have just returned from Asheville, N.C., where they have been during the winter; but Mrs. Riddell will not be at home to her Toronto friends until the autumn, as she has gone directly to the Georgian Bay to spend the summer.

A most successful concert was given in Marsh's Hall, Markdale, on the evening of Victoria Day, under the auspices of the Markdale Turf Association. An excellent programme was well rendered. The principal feature of the evening was the impersonation by Mr. Fred Geoffrey of Gerrard street west, Toronto. Mr. Geoffrey combines a charming manner with a handsome person, and possesses a fine mezzo-soprano voice. He is rapidly and deservedly gaining notice as an impersonator, his make-up being truly marvellous.

Through the kindness of the president, Mrs. Nordheimer, a general meeting of the members of the Imperial Order, Daughters of the Empire, will be held at Gleneddyth, Davenport road, on Tuesday, June 3rd, from half-past four to half-past six o'clock, when the silk flag will be presented in Quebec to

the Coronation Contingent, as the gift of the Order, will be on view.

Miss Netta Marshall, of Orangeville, was a visitor to the city during the races, the guest of Miss Findlay, of Markham street. On Victoria Day at the races Miss Marshall wore a dainty grey organdy, trimmed with black lace, soft grey hat with white lace, and heliotrope flowers.

The engagement is announced in Chatham of Miss Nane Tighe, daughter of Mrs. W. H. Tighe, to Captain C. Wickham, Inspector N.-W. M. Police, Regina.

There will be a large garden party at St. Andrew's College on June 16, for the General Assembly, which meets in Toronto this year. Rev. D. Bruce Macdonald is making arrangements for about a thousand guests.

The Misses Hughes, who so recently suffered the saddest of bereavements in the loss of their mother, have gone to St. Catharines to their sister, Mrs. Harry O'Reilly, for a short visit, and will make their home with their brother, Mr. Vincent Hughes, who has recently taken an important position in Montreal.

Is the Jew Successful?

ISRAEL ZANGWILL, in the May number of "Success," gives a surprising answer to the question, "Why do the Jews succeed?" His answer is that they do not succeed.

Has the Jew in the world, says Zangwill, live in Russia, and the value of the average possessions of a Russian Jew is under \$5. In Persia, Algeria, Morocco, Palestine, and the East generally the Jew, he says, "is nothing but a mass of swarming poverty, varied, as in Palestine, by perpetual mendicancy. In the sweatshops of London and New York the Jews, as a rule, are the victims." Not only does Zangwill cite the poverty of the Oriental and ghetto Jews to prove his thesis, but he asserts—that appears to be true—that the great financiers of the world are not Jews. Neither in Europe nor America are there Jewish millionaires, he says, to vie with Morgan, Rockefeller, Carnegie, and other Gentiles who have made colossal fortunes, and by whom the Rothschilds, both individually and as a family, have been eclipsed.

Zangwill will not allow the Jews first-rate success in any field. He says the Jew is a good imitator, an intelligent follower of tradition, but has not a creative mind. The Jew is brilliantly successful in examinations and sweeps all prizes and medals before him, but he has not a corresponding record to show in original work.

This criticism of the Jews by one of the most brilliant of their race seems hardly just, says the San Francisco "Bulletin." In Russia and the Orient the Jews labor under not only natural but artificial disabilities no less severe than those which oppressed them in all countries of Europe during the middle ages. Both the law and the Gentile society of those anti-semitic nations keep the Jew crushed to earth, and had he the talent of a Napoleon he could not rise high in those lands. But give the Jew a fair field and he will ask no favor, but will do more than hold his own in the struggle of existence. True, the Jew does not become a great financier like Morgan or Carnegie, for his commercial genius is not for manufacturing nor for railroad building, but for pure trading. The Jew is the great middle-man. He learned to trade during those bitter centuries when the feudal law forbade him to hold land or to follow his ancient business of agriculture, and when his exiled, scattered and wandering condition produced in him the cunning, the shrewdness, and the self-control which now make him so clever in bargaining.

The Jew in commerce knows when he has enough. He makes a million or two, which is all that he can use, and he tries to get some comfort and pleasure out of life before he dies. These men who, not content with ten, twenty or a hundred millions, strive for more and more until they die prematurely of over work, are merely avaricious madmen.

But the Jew succeeds not only in trading. He is a force in literature. Israel Zangwill himself is an example of what the Jew can do with his pen. Max Nordau is another. Heine was a Jew. As Zangwill says, most of the European writers of farce and comedy are of Jewish blood. Of the four "Palais Royal" plays last year in Paris, all were the work of Jews.

In the arts the Jew is at home. In the law he makes a competent practitioner. In medicine he does marvelous work and succeeds in an eminent degree. Zangwill, in his criticism, is neither entirely wrong, nor yet entirely right.

The Guest.

Luck tapped upon a cottage door.
A soft, quiet tap;
And Laziness, who lounged within,
The cat upon his lap,
Stretched out his slippers to the fire
And gave a sleepy yawn:
"Oh, bother! let him knock again!"
He said; but Luck was gone.

Luck tapped again, more faintly still.
Upon another door.
Where industry was hard at work
Mending his cottage roof.
The door was opened wide at once;
"Come in!" the worker cried,
And Luck was taken by the hand
And fairly pulled inside.

He still is there—a wondrous guest
From out whose magic hand
Fortune flows fast—but Laziness
Can never understand
How industry found such a friend;
"Luck never came my way!"
He sighs, and quite forgets the knock
Upon his door that day.
—Priscilla Leonard

Patronage.

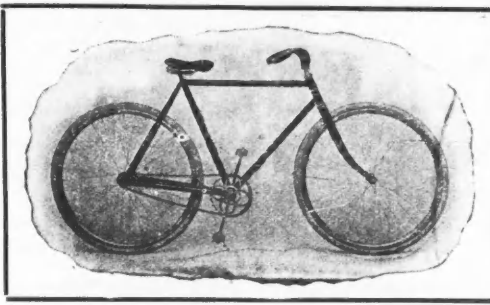
The impressionist had finally sold one of his creations. A brother artist who had arrived, or, as we say, "got there," not only persuaded one of his own customers to buy a painting by the less successful man, at a good figure, but got him an invitation to visit the patron's house to see the picture as it hung on the wall.

It was a painting of a sky, a bridge and a stream, and as they stood before it the purchaser fairly exhausted

Summer Pleasures

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AUTHORIZED CAPITAL \$2,000,000
SUBSCRIBED CAPITAL \$1,300,000

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CURRENT ACCOUNTS OPENED. SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT. INTEREST ALLOWED ON DEPOSITS.
N.B.—VISITORS TO THE CORONATION should secure our Travelers' Letters of Credit on J. S. Morgan & Co., London, and Morgan, Harjes Co., Paris. These credits are available in all parts of the world.

Babayan's Fine Oriental Rugs

Just received direct from Turkey big shipment of all kinds Turkish and Persian Rugs and Carpets, comprising the finest and choicest pieces of Kazaks, Anatolians, Bokharas, Irans, Afghans, Hamadans, Cashmeres, and many other makes. We invite all furnishers of fine homes to call soon and have the first pick, as we purpose making a quick turn of these goods. We keep the largest stock of Rugs in Canada.

Several other bales yet are on their way from Constantinople.

L. BABAYAN & CO., 40 KING ST. EAST, TORONTO

his vocabulary of art in expatiating on the naturalness of the water and the poetic beauty of the sky. The man who had done the painting smiled and smiled, but at the same time mopped beads of perspiration from his brow. Finally he got his friend into the hallway and there exploded.

"Good gracious!" he groaned. "They've hung my picture upside down!"

THOSE AWFUL

BOYS

Will Entertain You.
MASSEY HALL, Tuesday, June 3rd
Sixth Annual CONCERT OF THE BROADVIEW BOYS' INSTITUTE.
30 boys in choruses, cello, fancy gymnastics, etc. Brass Band, Bugle Band, Orchestra.
Tickets, 15c; reserved seats, 25c; at Massey Hall on and after May 30th.

FERNBALLS AT FIFTY CENTS EACH
Portion of flow fast—but Laziness
Can never understand
How industry found such a friend;
"Luck never came my way!"
He sighs, and quite forgets the knock
Upon his door that day.
—Priscilla Leonard

CARNAHAN'S DRUG STORE
Corner Carlton and Church Sts.
Prescriptions, Perfumes, Ice Cream Sodas and Fancy Drinks.
Telephone Main 2194.

Dr. Harold Clark
HAS REMOVED
From 45 King Street West to
THE TEMPLE BUILDING

—1902— ONTARIO JOCKEY CLUB

Woodbine Park, Toronto.

Racing and Steeplechasing

MAY 22nd to MAY 31st
AT LEAST SIX RACES EACH DAY
Admission to Grand Stand and Betting Ring \$1.00; Reserved Seats, \$1.50.

THE KING'S PLATE

WILL BE RUN
Thursday, May 22nd, at 5.15 p.m.
A Regimental Band will play daily on the lawn.
Special Rates on all railways.
WM. HENDRIE, President. W. P. FRASER, Secy.-Treas.
GOD SAVE THE KING

You Cannot
Take care of your food properly this summer without ice. You will save as much provisions from waste in a single month as will pay for all the ice you need. That is if you buy your supply from us.
We sell ice that is all ice and that at a melted price.
BELLE EWART ICE CO.
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Phones—Main 14, 1947, 2933.

POOREST WRITERS paid 10c. hour copying testimonials at home. Samples and particulars 10c. Maritime Supply Co., Dept. A., Moncton, N.B.

Tuxedo Junior



One of the best motor vehicles on the pavement to-day is "Tuxedo Junior," and for the price it can't be touched anywhere on earth.

\$800

We also have on sale a number of the very newest Automobiles—Locomobiles—Ramblers, Waverleys, Wintons, Bakers.

See them—write for catalogue. We handle only the best.

CANADA CYCLE & MOTOR CO. LIMITED
34 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO.

Richelieu & Ontario Navigation Company

CITY TICKET OFFICE—2 KING ST. EAST

TORONTO-MONTREAL LINE

On and after June 3rd Steamer Toronto will leave Toronto 4 p.m. Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. On and after June 16th Steamer Toronto Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays; Steamer Kingston Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays for Charlotte (Port of Rochester), Kingston, 1,000 Islands, Rapids, St. Lawrence to Montreal, Quebec, Murray Bay, Riv. du Loup, Tadoussac and Saguenay River.

Saturday to Monday Excursion
To Charlotte, 1,000 Islands. Every Saturday. LOW RATES.

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Steamers leave Toronto Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays 7.30 p.m. for Bay of Quinte, 1,000 Islands, Rapids, to Montreal. Low rates for single and return tickets.

H. FOSTER CHAFFEE,
Western Passenger Agent,
Toronto.

Niagara River Line

On and After May 14th
STR. CHICORA
will leave Yonge street Dock, East side, at 7 A.M. and 2 P.M. DAILY (Except Sunday), for

NIAGARA, QUEENSTON AND LEWISTON connecting with New York Central and Hudson River R.R., Michigan Central R.R., Niagara Falls Park & River R.R. and Niagara Gorge R.R. Arriving in Toronto at 1.15 p.m. and 8.15 p.m. JOHN FOY, Manager.

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They find a feast of good things at B. M. & T. Jenkins. We have just the things in furniture that mark the difference between a commonly furnished and a cleverly furnished home.

Fine Old Colonial Furniture
Old China—Old Pewter—Old Copper
Curious Old Brass

Rare old Chippendale pieces, in chairs, tables, sideboards, settees, secretaries—in all, the most unusual and satisfying collection on the continent.

B. M. & T. JENKINS

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The Royal Crest Dressing is unequalled for furniture, pianos or woodwork of any kind. We recommend it.

FOR RENT

A large business office on ground floor, and two small offices on first floor of Saturday Night Building, 26-28 Adelaide Street West. Terms moderate. Apply on premises.

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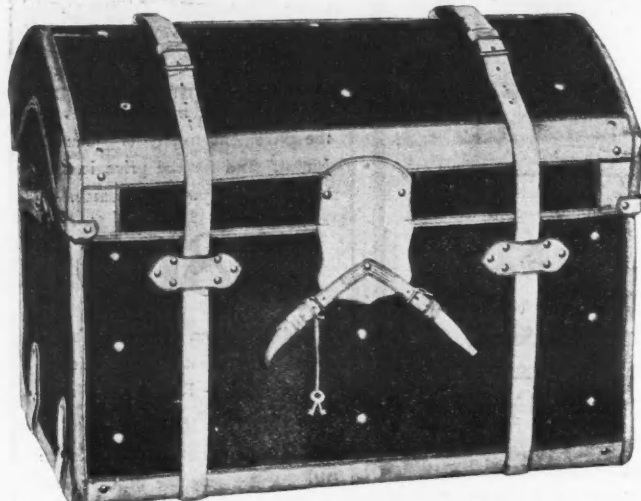
Natural Laxative Mineral Water.

NEVER GRIPE

Is the BEST LAXATIVE known to the medical profession, and a POSITIVE CURE for

CONSTIPATION

Ask for Hunyadi Janos (full name) and see that you GET it. Substitutes are Worthless and often Harmful. LABEL IS BLUE WITH RED CENTRE.

BASKET TRUNKS

Our illustrated 80 page Catalogue will be sent to any address post-paid on request. It gives prices and descriptions.

WE MARK AS DESIRED AND DELIVER IN ONTARIO PREPAID.

For General Utility Get a BASKET TRUNK.

Made with the deep Hat Tray, and one, two or three Dress Trays.

The construction of the Basket Trunk is that it is at once the lightest and strongest trunk you can get. Ours are all hand-made by our own experts.

WE MANUFACTURE EVERYTHING IN TRAVELING GOODS**The Julian Sale** Leather Goods Co. Limited **105 King West****Summer Visitors Won't Worry the Cook**

WHO HAS AN

Imperial Oxford**TO HELP HER OUT**

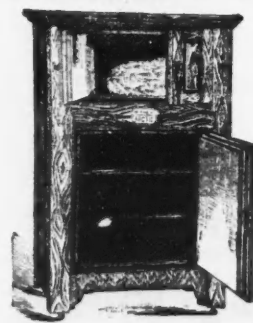
These splendid new ranges are fitted with so many improved details to save work and vexatious delays that, with them, one finds cooking, even on a large scale, a systematic pleasure—not a grind. Besides they're wonderful fuel savers.

Why not try one for your Cook?

SOLD IN TORONTO BY

Gurney Oxford Stove and Furnace Co., 231 Yonge Street.
Geo. Boxall, 224 Yonge Street.
William Thompson, 435 Yonge Street.
Thos. Taylor, 750 Yonge Street.
J. S. Hall, 1097 Yonge Street.
R. Bailey & Son, 1220 Yonge Street.
R. Pressley, 123 Queen West.
Power Bros., 212 Queen West.
Oxford Stove Store, 368 Queen West.
F. W. Lunt & Co., Queen and Spadina.
Geo. Hooper, 1306 Queen West.

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The GURNEY FOUNDRY CO., Limited, Toronto, Winnipeg, Vancouver.**The GURNEY-MASSEY CO., Limited, Montreal.****Hillock's Arctic Refrigerators**

For over a quarter of a century we have been supplying the people of Canada with these goods, and we have now got them near perfection. They are the best constructed, most convenient and durable made.

Our Guarantee is**A smaller consumption of ice, a lower temperature, and an absolutely dry atmosphere with perfect ventilation.**

Write for catalogue, or call and see the goods and buy direct from the manufacturers.

JOHN HILLOCK & CO.**Queen and George Streets, Toronto**

Ye Old Firm of Heintzman & Co.

TWO PIANO BARGAINS

Here they are and if you are shrewd you will not lose time in taking advantage of them.

—Heintzman & Co. Upright Cabinet Grand, 4 feet 10 inches high, 7½ octaves, carved panels, rosewood case. Manufacturer's price, \$600; now \$295. Terms: \$15.00 cash and \$7.00 a month.

—New York Steinway Square, rosewood case, carved legs, thoroughly overhauled, good as new. Regular price, \$600; our price, \$175. Terms: \$10.00 cash and \$6.00 a month.

Handsome stool and scarf given free with every piano. Freight paid to any point in Ontario and special rates for shipments out of the province.

HEINTZMAN & CO.
118-117 KING STREET WEST, TORONTO**The Promiscuous Bestowing of Degrees.**

Dr. Daniel C. Gilman, president of the new Carnegie Institution at Washington, has been uttering some wise and strong words recently in condemnation of the promiscuous degree-giving practiced by many colleges, and his strictures under this head, we are pleased to observe, are supported by such well-known educators as Rev. Joseph H. Twichell, of Hartford, and Dr. George S. Fullerton, professor of philosophy in the University of Pennsylvania. In an interview on this subject in the Philadelphia "Public Ledger," Dr. Fullerton declared very justly that our system of dubbing men doctors of divinity, or doctors of laws, on the score merely of their being persons of prominence, and without regard to their real intellectual attainments, was cheapening the whole system of degree-giving. The worst abuse is the "throwing about" of the degree of doctor of divinity. "The popular clergyman," said Dr. Fullerton, "may be the least scholarly of men; yet, if he have friends of some influence, he can always get this degree. I know a number who enjoy this honor, and who are not even men of ordinary culture. They make

no pretensions to being scholars." The case might be put much stronger than this and still be well within the truth. If a list of persons now strutting about the country with a long tail of initial letters trailing behind their names could be printed, together with their actual standing and intellectual attainments, the showing would be amusing enough for a comic almanac. We happen to know one such person who flourishes a D.D., but who cannot write three consecutive sentences correctly either as to spelling, grammar, or punctuation, and there are probably other instances of the same sort, says "Leslie's Weekly."

Consummation.

In a sheltered, cool, green place
You and I once stood together
Where the quickens interlace.

Then it was our love declared
(Thro' a throats' silver chiming)
All the passion that it dared.

Then you called me by my name,
And the answering eyes I lifted
Flashed a flame unto a flame.

Hushed, we watched the eve descend,
The rose-flecked stair of day to see
Our hearts' probation fitly end.

Stars and mist and dew-wet flowers
Scented, shielded, and made holy,
That sweet hour of the hours.

Oh! Dear Heart, life holds no gift
Half so precious, half so brittle,
As this Love-cup that we lift.

And remembering, down the years
All my songs shall echo sighing,
All my laughter trill with tears.

—Ethna Carbery McManus.

"What do you mean by saying she just celebrated her wedding?"
"She married a blockhead."—Philadelphia "Press."

The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb.**Births.**

Bolton—May 22, Toronto, Mrs. Bolton, a son.
Mayor—May 20, Toronto, Mrs. J. Mayor, a son.
Forster—May 19, Toronto, Mrs. (Dr.) E. Forster, a son.
Dandy—May 18, Morrisburg, Mrs. Wm. F. Dandy, a son.
Edmondson—May 5, Spanish River, Mrs. D. Edmondson, a son.
Raikes—May 21, Barrie, Mrs. George Raikes, a son.
Townes—May 19, Arkona, Mrs. A. A. Townes, a son.
Gooderham—May 24, Toronto, Mrs. Albert E. Gooderham, a daughter.
Hand—May 24, Deer Park, Mrs. Thomas G. Hand, a daughter.
Mitchell—May 11, Toronto, Mrs. T. A. Mitchell, a daughter.
Bell—May 22, Cataract, Mrs. Alex. Bell, a daughter.
Gullett—May 22, Toronto, Mrs. Robert A. Gullett, a daughter.
Brown—May 26, Toronto, Mrs. G. Cecil Brown, a son.
Lighthour—May 27, Toronto, Mrs. F. J. Lighthour, twins, son and daughter.
Phelps—May 26, Niagara Falls, N.Y., Mrs. Chester R. Phelps, a daughter.
Beck—May 26, Penetanguishene, Mrs. Walter J. Beck, a son.
Husband—May 27, Toronto, Mrs. Husband, a daughter.
Shipman—May 16, Cannington, Mrs. Herbert Shipman, a son.
Robertson—May 23, Toronto, Mrs. James McKenzie Robertson, a son.

Marriages.

Lenz—Grant—May 21, Ingersoll, George Lenz, M.D., to Annie Borton Grant.
Whyte—Braden—May 21, Toronto, John A. Whyte to Minnie E. Braden.
Bowers—Gunn—May 20, Hamilton, Frank Gresty Bowers to Annie Edith Gunn.
Chard—Cook—May 22, Toronto, Elias W. Chard to Hester Cook.
Grieve—Watson—May 22, Toronto, George Wellington Grieve to Hattie Alberta Badgley Watson.
Watt—Robinson—May 24, Toronto, James D. Watt to Lily H. Robinson.
Persson—Shaw—May 27, Toronto, Swen Persson to Ida Gertrude Shaw.

Deaths.

Wallace—May 27, at Spokane, Wash., Margaret Mary Wallace, late of 24 Leopold street, Toronto.
Fitzgerald—May 22, Norway, Michael Fitzgerald, aged 66.
Speight—May 21, Acton, Joseph Albert Speight, aged 46.
O'Dea—Toronto, Mrs. Connor O'Dea, aged 46.
Hawkins—May 25, Toronto, George C. Hawkins, aged 32.
Ford—May 24, Toronto, Florence Evelyn Ford, aged 6 months.
Brelsford—May 24, Chicago, Milton Brelsford, aged 48.
Eadie—May 23, Oakland, Mrs. Martha Eadie, aged 70.
Dewey—May 25, Toronto, Mrs. (Rev.) George W. Dewey.
Carter—May 24, Toronto, Mrs. Sophia Charlotte Carter.
Latter—May 25, Toronto, Asher Latter, aged 53.
Lumbers—May 23, Toronto, William P. Lumbers, aged 33.
McBride—May 25, Toronto, Willie McBride, aged 16 years 4 months.
Neal—May 25, Toronto, Alfred Neal, aged 23.
Moor—Toronto, John Moor, aged 84.
Morton—May 22, West York, Mrs. Francis Morton, aged 75.
McDougall—May 21, Toronto, Mrs. Dugald McDougall, aged 76.
Toye—May 23, Scarborough, Elizabeth Maud Toye, aged 22.
McCrea—May 25, Toronto, Mrs. Jane Sutherland Cameron McCrea.
Gurr—May 26, Toronto, Sarah Phyllis Gurr, aged 10.
Black—Eryn, Mrs. H. C. Black, aged 44.
Coxall—May 25, Colborne, William Coxall, aged 69.
Rogers—May 27, Bournemouth, England, Mrs. Catharine Rogers.

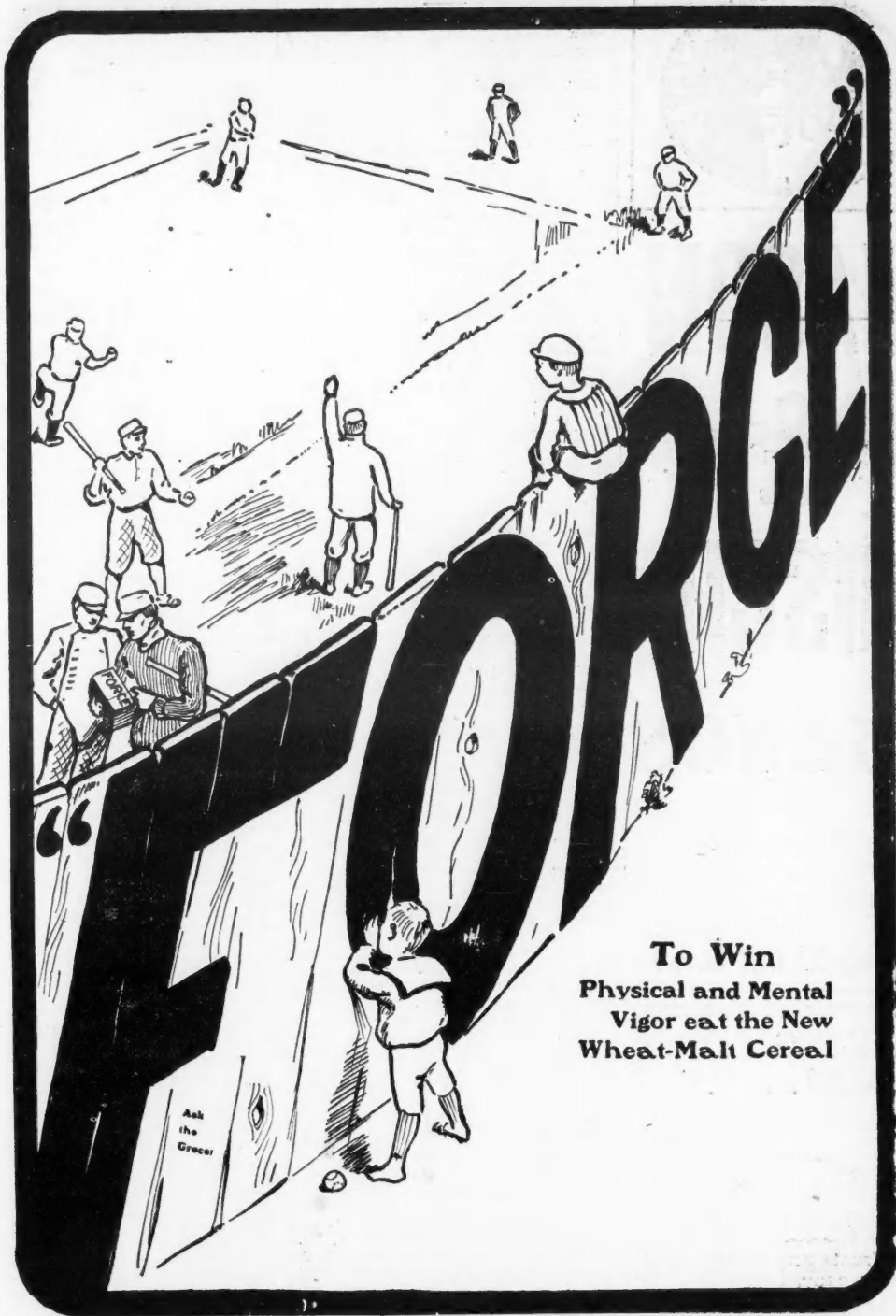
Electrolysis, Massage and Manicuring.
Superficial Hair, Moles, Birth Marks, and all facial blemishes permanently removed. Freshness, beauty and colour restored to face and form. A perfect system of hand culture. Sole Canadian agent for preparations of Isabel Cassidy, New York. Mrs. Gibson, room 25, Odd Fellows' Building, corner Yonge and College. Telephone, 282 N.

J. YOUNG (Alex. Millard)**The Leading Undertaker**

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Made of hair and 1,000 steel springs.
"PERFECT COMFORT."
Marshall Sanitary Mattress Co., 77 York St., Toronto



To Win
Physical and Mental
Vigor eat the New
Wheat-Malt Cereal



Corticelli

SKIRT PROTECTOR

IS A GREAT FAVORITE WITH
CAREFUL DRESSERS

For Sale Everywhere.



June

ROGERS'

Fancy Cabinets,
Music Cabinets,
Center Tables,
Five O'clocks,
Curates,
Fancy Secretaries,
Writing Tables,
Desk Chairs,
Fur Chests,
Fancy Screens,
Palm Stands,
Dressing Tables

EXCLUSIVE DESIGNS

Bridal

FINE

June, the month of brides, finds us prepared with a magnificent stock of fancy decorative furniture suitable for wedding presents.

THE
Chas. Rogers
& Sons Co.
LIMITED

97 Yonge Street.

Gifts

FURNITURE

Fancy Chairs,
Fancy Rockers,
Parlor Seats,
Lounges,
Buffets,
Cheval Mirrors,
Book Cases,
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Hall Settees,
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REASONABLE PRICES